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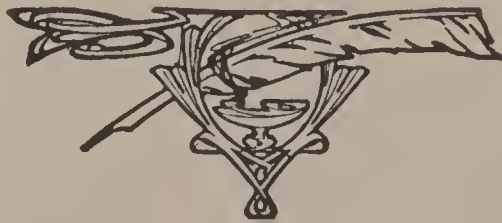
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L. FRANK BAUM'S
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JUVENILE SPEAKER

READINGS AND RECITATIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE
HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE

BY
THE AUTHOR OF THE LAND OF OZ, OZMA OF OZ, DOROTHY AND
THE WIZARD IN OZ, THE ROAD TO OZ, THE EMERALD
CITY OF OZ, ETC., ETC.,



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN R. NEILL AND MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



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By L. FRANK BAUM

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Since the general adoption of the Baum books for supplementary reading in the public schools of America there has been so persistent a demand for selections for declamation and public reading that the publishers have asked me to compile this volume.

I have endeavored, in making selections from more than a score of my published works, to provide some explanatory paragraph that will render each story complete in itself, rendering any intimate knowledge of the book from which it was taken unnecessary for either the speaker or the audience. In this way the proportion of the contents becomes a series of short stories suited to the comprehension of young and old.

It is my hope that this modest volume will be found of value for use in public and private school work and in special courses in elocution. Realizing that the recitation of dialogue is always difficult to properly attain, I have taken care that both the speaker and listeners may understand clearly and at all times just which character is being quoted.

Subject matter easily grasped by the mind is most pliable in expression, easy to commit to memory, and more likely to entertain than more abstruse if more scholarly themes. My aim has been to prepare a speaker having elements of popularity that appeal alike to students, teachers and auditors. If the selections are somewhat whimsical and humorous in character, I trust this lightness will be found counterbalanced by a certain underlying pathos and, above all, a sentiment of high morality that will leave its impress on the youthful mind.

L. FRANK BAUM.

Los Angeles,
1910.

“ONCE ON A TIME.”

Perhaps you wonder why it is that so many stories are told of “once on a time,” and so few of these days in which we live. But that is easily explained.

In the old days, when the world was young, there were no automobiles nor flying-machines to make one wonder; nor were there railway trains, nor telephones, nor mechanical inventions of any sort to keep people keyed up to a high pitch of excitement. Men and women lived simply and quietly. They were Nature’s children, and breathed fresh air into their lungs instead of smoke and coal gas; and tramped through green meadows and deep forests instead of riding in street cars; and went to bed when it grew dark and rose with the sun—which is vastly different from the present custom. Having no books to read, they told their adventures to one another and to their little ones; and the stories were handed down from generation to generation and reverently believed.

Those who peopled the world in the old days, having nothing but their hands to depend on, were to a certain extent helpless, and so the fairies were sorry for them and ministered to their wants patiently and frankly, often showing themselves to those they befriended.

So people knew fairies in those days, my dears, and loved them, together with the ryls and knooks and pixies and nymphs and other beings that belong to the hordes of immortals. And a fairy tale was a thing to be wondered at and spoken of in awed whispers, for no one thought of doubting its truth.

Once on a Time

To-day the fairies are shy; so many curious inventions of men have come into use that the wonders of Fairyland are somewhat tame beside them, and even the boys and girls cannot be so easily interested or surprised as in the old days. So the sweet and gentle little immortals perform their tasks unseen and unknown, and live mostly in their own beautiful realms, where they are almost unthought of by our busy, bustling world.

Yet when we come to story-telling the marvels of our own age shrink into insignificance beside the brave deeds and absorbing experiences of the days when fairies were better known, and so we go back to "once on a time" for the tales that we love most—and that children have ever loved since mankind first knew that fairies exist.

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THE HABIT OF A RABBIT

I.

I'm a funny little Bunny
With a most observant eye;
It's a habit with a rabbit
To be diffident and shy.
Unto danger I'm no stranger,
So you mustn't think it queer
If a creature's startled features
Wear a look of comic fear.

“Bun! Bun! Bun!”
I shiver when they call me;
Run! Run! Run—
For danger may befall me;

The Habit of a Rabbit

To tremble is my specialty—
I've nothing else to do—
For a rabbit's chronic habit
Is to get into a stew.

II

If you mention apprehension
You will scare me 'most to death!
While retreating with a beating
Heart I never catch my breath.
When I'm stewing something's doing
And a chafing-dish I hate—
It's so risky I am frisky
To escape a stirring fate.

“Bun! Bun! Bun!”

Though coaxingly they call me,
Run! Run! Run—
Lest danger should befall me;
To scamper is my specialty—
My feet were made to fly—
For a rabbit's chronic habit
Is to watch and mind his eye.

III

While I'm larking if a barking
Sudden falls upon my ear,
Heart a-thumping stops my jumping
And I'm paralyzed with fear.
Dogs are savage, and they ravage
All the country where I stray;
So I scurry in a hurry
When I hear their awful bay.

The Habit of a Rabbit

“Bun! Bun! Bun!”
The dogs are chasing madly;
Run! Run! Run—
They want to catch me badly,
So I'll have to scoot and scramble
To a hole they cannot find,
Or lie hidden 'neath a bramble
'Til they've left me far behind.

IV

Once in a while another trial
The rabbit must endure:
The boy and gun abroad for fun—
He's dangerous, I'm sure!
I'm not blaming him for aiming
Many yards above my head,
But I'm warning him some morning
He will shoot himself instead.

“Bun! Bun! Bun!”
Look out! a boy is shooting!
Run! Run! Run—
The time has come for scooting.
His aim is never deadly,
But the trouble is, you see,
That if he aims to hit a bird
Perhaps he'll slaughter *me!*



THE WONDROUS WISE MAN

*"There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise."*

I suppose you have heard of that verse, but I am sure you would never have heard of our town had not the man lived there who was so wise that everyone marvelled at his great knowledge.

He was not always a wise man, for he was a wise boy before he grew to manhood, and even when a small child he was so remarkable for his wisdom that people shook their heads gravely and said: "When he grows up there will be no need of books, for he will know everything!"

His father thought he had a wondrous wise look when he was born, and so he named him Solomon. This name fitted him nicely, for when he was still a child Solomon confounded the schoolmaster by asking, one day:

The Wondrous Wise Man

“Can you tell me, sir, why a cow drinks water from a brook?”

“Well really,” replied the abashed schoolmaster, “I have never given the subject serious thought. But I will sleep upon the question and try to give you an answer to-morrow.”

But the schoolmaster could not sleep; he remained awake all night, trying to think of a scientific reason why a cow drinks water from a brook. In the morning he was no nearer an answer than before, so he was obliged to appear before the wise child and admit that he could not solve the problem.

“I have looked at the subject from every side,” said he, “and given it careful thought; yet I cannot tell why a cow drinks water from a brook.”

“Sir,” replied the wise child, “it is because the cow is thirsty.”

The shock of this answer was so great that the schoolmaster fainted away, and when they had brought him to, he made a prophecy that Solomon would grow up to be a wondrous wise man.

It was the same way with the village doctor. Solomon came to him one day and asked: “Tell me, sir, why a man has two eyes.”

“Bless me!” exclaimed the doctor, “I must think a bit before I answer, for I have never before had my attention called to this subject.”

So he thought for a long time, and then he said: “Perhaps a man has two eyes to see with.”

“But surely a man could see with one,” declared Solomon.

This confused the good doctor, who saw the wisdom of the remark, and he said:

“Really, I must give it up. I cannot tell, for the life of me, why a man has two eyes. Do you know?”

“Yes sir,” answered Solomon, solemnly.

The Wondrous Wise Man

“Then,” said the doctor, after taking a dose of quinine to brace up his nerves, for he remembered the fate of the schoolmaster, “then please tell me why a man has two eyes.”

“A man has two eyes, sir,” answered the solemn Solomon, “because he was born that way.”

And the doctor marvelled greatly at so much wisdom in a little child, and made a note of it in his note-book.

Solomon was so full of wisdom that it flowed from his mouth in a perfect stream, and every day he gave new evidence to his friends that he could scarcely hold all the wise thoughts that came to him. When he grew up he wore glasses over his eyes—you will notice that all wise men wear them—and wherever he went he kept a grave face and walked slowly and stiffly, so that all people might know he was the celebrated wise man, and do him reverence.

The fame of his wisdom spread all over the world, so that other wise men were jealous, and finally the Wise Man of Cumberland challenged him to a duel of wisdom. The Sage of Cumberland was a very big man, and our Solomon was a very little man, so when they met the people shook their heads sadly and predicted Solomon had found his match; for, supposing the man from Cumberland was as full of wisdom as Solomon, he was able to hold twice as much.

They formed a circle around the two wise men, and then began the trial to see which was the wisest. But Solomon outwitted his rival at every turn, and the wise man from Cumberland became so angry at his defeat that he sprang at Solomon and would no doubt have injured him had not our wise man turned and run away as fast as he could go—another proof of his wisdom. The man from Cumberland ran after him and chased him through the streets and down the lanes and up the side of the hill where the

The Wondrous Wise Man

bramble-bushes grow. Solomon ran very fast, but the man from Cumberland was bigger, and he was just about to grab our wise man by the coat-tails when Solomon gave a great jump and jumped right into the middle of a big bramble-bush!

Then the big man, not daring to follow Solomon into the bramble-bush, turned away and ran home in disgrace. The people now came running up and cried out:

“Solomon, are you hurt?”

“I should say I am!” replied Solomon, with a groan; “my eyes are scratched out!”

“How do you know they are?” asked the village doctor.

“I can see they are scratched out!” declared Solomon; and the people all wept with grief at this, and Solomon howled louder than any of them.

Now, the fact was that when Solomon jumped into the bramble-bush he was wearing his spectacles, and the brambles pushed the glasses so close against his eyes that he could not open them; and so, as every other part of him was scratched and bleeding, and he could not open his eyes, he made sure they were scratched out.

“How am I to get out of here?” he asked.

“You must jump out,” said the doctor, “since you have jumped in.”

So Solomon gave a great jump, and although the brambles pricked him cruelly he sprang entirely out of this bush and fell plump into another one.

The second bush, however, by good luck was not a bramble-bush, but one of elderberry, and when he jumped into it his spectacles fell off, and to his joy he opened his eyes and found that he could see again.

“Where are you now?” asked the doctor.

“I’m in the elderberry bush, and I’ve scratched my eyes in again!” answered Solomon.

The Wondrous Wise Man

When the people heard this they marvelled greatly at the wisdom of a man who knew how to scratch his eyes in after they were scratched out; and they lifted Solomon from the bush and carried him home, where they bound up the scratches and nursed him carefully until he was well.

And after that no one questioned the wondrous wisdom of our wise man, and when he finally died, at a good old age, they built a great monument for him. On one side of it were engraved the words: "Solomon; the Man who was Wondrous Wise." And on the other side was a picture of a bramble-bush.

SONG OF THE FISHES

We are fishes of the lake;
Our lives are very deep;
We're always active when awake
And quiet when asleep.

We get our fins from Finland,
From books we get our tales;
Our eyes come from old Eyerland
And weighty are our scales.

We love to flop, to twist and turn
Whenever 'tis our whim;
Yet social etiquette we learn
Because we're in the swim.

Our beds, though damp, are always made;
We need no fires to warm us;
When we swim out we're not afraid,
For autos cannot harm us.

We're independent little fish
And never use umbrellas.
We do exactly as we wish
And live like jolly fellows



AN ADVENTURE IN OZ

Dorothy and her little dog Toto had been carried by a cyclone all the way from a Kansas farm to a fairyland known as the Land of Oz, where they arrived quite unhurt by the ride through the air. The little girl's first desire was to get home again, but the people with whom she met could not tell her the way to Kansas, having never heard of that place. They advised her to go to a wonderful Wizard, who dwelt in the Emerald City of Oz, assuring her that this powerful personage could do anything, and therefore, if he wished, could surely send her back to Kansas. So, followed by Toto, she began the journey to the Emerald City; but after a time, becoming tired, she decided to stop to rest, and climbed to the top of a fence beside the road and sat down. Beyond the fence was a great cornfield, and not far away she saw a

An Adventure in Oz

Scarecrow, placed high on a pole to keep the birds from the ripe corn.

Dorothy leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed thoughtfully at the Scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with eyes, nose and mouth painted on it to represent a face. An old, pointed blue hat, that had belonged to some farmer, was perched on this head, and the rest of the figure was a blue suit of clothes, worn and faded, which had also been stuffed with straw. On the feet were some old boots with blue tops, such as every man wore in this country, and the figure was raised above the stalks of corn by means of a pole stuck up its back.

While Dorothy was looking earnestly into the queer, painted face of the Scarecrow, she was surprised to see one of the eyes slowly wink at her. She thought she must have been mistaken, at first, for none of the scarecrows in Kansas ever wink; but presently the figure nodded its head to her in a friendly way. Then she climbed down from the fence and walked up to it, while Toto ran around the pole and barked.

"Good day," said the Scarecrow, in a rather husky voice.

"Did you speak?" asked the girl, in wonder.

"Certainly," answered the Scarecrow; "how do you do?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," replied Dorothy, politely; "how do you do?"

"I'm not feeling well," said the Scarecrow, with a smile, "for it is very tedious being perched up here night and day to scare away crows."

"Can't you get down?" asked Dorothy.

"No, for this pole is stuck up my back. If you will please take away the pole I shall be greatly obliged to you."

Dorothy reached up both arms and lifted the figure off the pole; for, being stuffed with straw, it was quite light.

An Adventure in Oz

"Thank you very much," said the Scarecrow, when he had been set down on the ground. "I feel like a new man."

Dorothy was puzzled at this, for it sounded queer to hear a stuffed man speak, and to see him bow and walk along beside her.

"Who are you?" asked the Scarecrow, when he had stretched himself and yawned, "and where are you going?"

"My name is Dorothy," said the girl, "and I am going to the Emerald City, to ask the great Wizard to send me back to Kansas."

"Where is the Emerald City," he enquired; "and who is this Wizard?"

"Why, don't you know?" she returned, in surprise.

"No, indeed. I don't know anything. You see, I am stuffed, so I have no brains at all," he answered, sadly.

"Oh," said Dorothy; "I'm awfully sorry for you."

"Do you think," he asked, "if I go to the Emerald City with you, the Wizard would give me some brains?"

"I cannot tell," she returned; "but you may come with me, if you like. If he refuses to give you brains you will be no worse off than you are now."

"That is true," said the Scarecrow. "You see," he continued, confidentially, "I don't mind my legs and arms and body being stuffed, because I cannot get hurt. If anyone treads on my toes, or sticks a pin into me, it doesn't matter, for I can't feel it. But I do not want people to call me a fool, and if my head stays stuffed with straw instead of with brains, as yours is, how am I ever to know anything?"

"I understand how you feel," said the little girl, who was truly sorry for him. "If you will come with me, I'll ask the Wizard of Oz to do all he can for you."

"Thank you!" he answered, gratefully.

They walked back to the road, Dorothy helped him over the

An Adventure in Oz

fence, and they started along the path toward the Emerald City. Toto did not like this addition to their party, at first. He smelled around the stuffed man as if he suspected there might be a nest of rats in the straw, and he often growled in an unfriendly way at the Scarecrow.

"Don't mind Toto," said Dorothy to her new friend. "He never bites."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the Scarecrow, "he can't hurt the straw. I'll tell you a secret," he continued as he walked along; "there's only one thing in the world I'm afraid of, and that's a lighted match."

After awhile the road became very rough and the walking grew so difficult that the Scarecrow often stumbled. Sometimes there were holes in the road, and the straw man, having no brains, would walk straight into these holes and fall full length upon his face. It never hurt him, however, and Dorothy would pick him up and set him upon his feet again, while he joined her in laughing merrily at his own mishap. At noon they sat down by the roadside, near a little brook, and Dorothy opened the basket she carried and got out some bread. She offered a piece to the Scarecrow, but he refused.

"I am never hungry," he said; "and it is a lucky thing I am not. For my mouth is only painted, and if I should cut a hole in it so I could eat, the straw I am stuffed with would come out, and that would spoil the shape of my head."

Dorothy saw at once that this was true, so she only nodded and went on eating her bread. Presently she brought a cup of water from the brook and drank it.

"You people of flesh and blood," remarked the Scarecrow, who had been watching her, "take a good deal of trouble to keep alive. You must eat and drink and sleep, and those are three

An Adventure in Oz

things that a straw man need not worry about. However, you have brains, and it is worth a lot of bother to be able to think properly."

"Yes," said Dorothy; "take it altogether, I'm glad I'm not straw."



THE SPOON AND THE CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Once there stood on a sideboard wide
In sweet seclusion, side by side,
A Charlotte Russe and a Silver Spoon
And they had a talk one afternoon.

Said the Silver Spoon: "Oh, be my bride!
I'm tired of sitting by your side.
You look so nice and soft and mellow
You really interest a fellow!"

Said the Charlotte Russe to the Silver Spoon:
"You'd better sing another tune.
For though I'm carefully prepared
Your proposition makes me scared!"

Said the Silver Spoon: "My dear," said he,
"Pray have compassion on poor me!
I have n't a single thing to do
But just lie here and gaze at you.

Said the Charlotte Russe to the Silver Spoon:
"You're getting spoony much too soon;
For here I am, in a nice new cup,
And do not wish to get mussed up."

Said the Spoon: "Now, here's a pretty fix!
What are we for, if not to mix?
I've no respect for your nice new cup—"
And he mussed that Charlotte Russe all up!

Said he: "My dear, it's plain to see
You're gone, as gone as gone can be!
And now that you are stuck on me
There is no ruse can set you free!"

THE POWER OF REPULSION

John Dough was a gingerbread man. The baker who made him accidentally mixed into his dough a magical elixir of life, so that as soon as he was baked the gingerbread man came to life, and wandered through the land seeking adventures. At one time he visited the Isle of Phreex, where many unusual characters live, and while a guest in the castle of the Kinglet of Phreex John Dough made the acquaintance of a famous inventor. He was a thin man, with a long bald head that slanted up to a peak, underneath which appeared a little withered face that constantly smiled in a most friendly manner.

"I am Sir Pryse Bocks," said he, shaking John's gingerbread hand in a most cordial manner. "The remarkable thing about me is not that I am inventor, but that I am a successful inventor. You, I perceive, are a delicatessen; a friend in knead; I might say, a Pan-American. Ha, ha!"

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," returned John, bowing stiffly. "But do not joke upon my person, Sir Pryse. I'm proud of it."

"I respect your pride," said the other. "It's doubtless bread in the bone, sir. Ha, ha!"

John looked at him reproachfully, and the little man at once grew grave.

"Pardon my levity," he said. "I'm really a great inventor, you know."

"What have you invented?" asked the gingerbread man.

"This!" said the other, taking a little tube from his pocket. "You will notice that it often rains—it's raining now, if you'll

The Power of Repulsion

look out the window. And the reason it rains is because the drops of water fall to the earth by the attraction of gravitation."

"I suppose so," said John.

"Now, what do people usually do when it rains?" asked the little man.

"They grumble," said John.

"Yes, and they use umbrellas—*umbrellas*, mind you, to keep themselves dry."

"And that is quite sensible," declared John.

The bald-headed man gave a scornful laugh. "It's ridiculous!" he said, angrily. "An umbrella is a big, clumsy thing, which the wind jerks out of your hand or turns inside out; and it's a nuisance to carry it around; and people always borrow it and never bring it back. An umbrella, sir, is a humbug! A relic of the Dark Ages! I've done away with the use of umbrellas entirely, by means of this invention—this little tube—which can be carried in one's pocket!"

He held up a small instrument that looked like a tin whistle.

"How curious!" said John Dough.

"Isn't it?" cried the other. "You see, within this tube is stored a Power of Repulsion that overcomes the Attraction of Gravitation, and sends the rain-drops flying upward again. You stick the tube in your hat-band and walk out boldly into the rain. Immediately all the rain-drops shoot up into the air, and before they can fall again you have passed on! It's always dry where the wearer of the tube goes, for it protects him perfectly. And when it stops raining you put the instrument in your pocket again, and it's all ready for another time. Isn't it great, sir? Isn't it wonderful? Isn't the inventor of this tube the greatest man in the invention business?"

"I'd like to try it," said John, "for no one needs protection

The Power of Repulsion

from the rain more than I do. Being made of gingerbread, it would ruin me to get wet."

"True," agreed the inventor. "I'll loan you the tube, with pleasure. I see you have no hat to stick it in, but you may hold it in your hand. It will work just as well that way, but is not so convenient."

So John Dough took the tube, and having thanked the bald-headed man for his kindness, walked down the stairs and through the big, empty hall, and so out into the courtyard. The rain seemed to have driven everyone in doors, for not a person did he see.



Holding the tube upright, he boldly walked into the rain, and it gave him great pleasure to notice that not a drop fell near him. Indeed, by looking upward, he could see the falling drops stop short and then fly toward the clouds, and he began to believe the inventor was surely as great as he claimed to be.

After descending the slippery path through the rocks he crossed the patch of green lawn and at last reached the sandy shore, where he had some time before left his hat and cane.

The Power of Repulsion

The hat had once belonged to the baker that made him, and he was grieved to find it now soaked through by the rain. As he lifted it he saw the crooked handle of his candy cane sticking out of the sand, and drew it forth to find it in excellent condition, little of the dampness having reached it.

But now, as John Dough began to retrace his steps, he discovered that his feet were soft and swollen. For he had been walking on the damp ground and through the wet grass; and, although no rain had fallen upon his body, his feet were getting to be in a dangerous condition, the gingerbread having become mushy and sticky. After he had recrossed the grass and come to the edge of the rocks, he began to be frightened, for bits of his left heel now commenced to crumble and drop in the path, and when he tried walking on his flabby toes they were so soggy and soft that he knew they would not last very long.

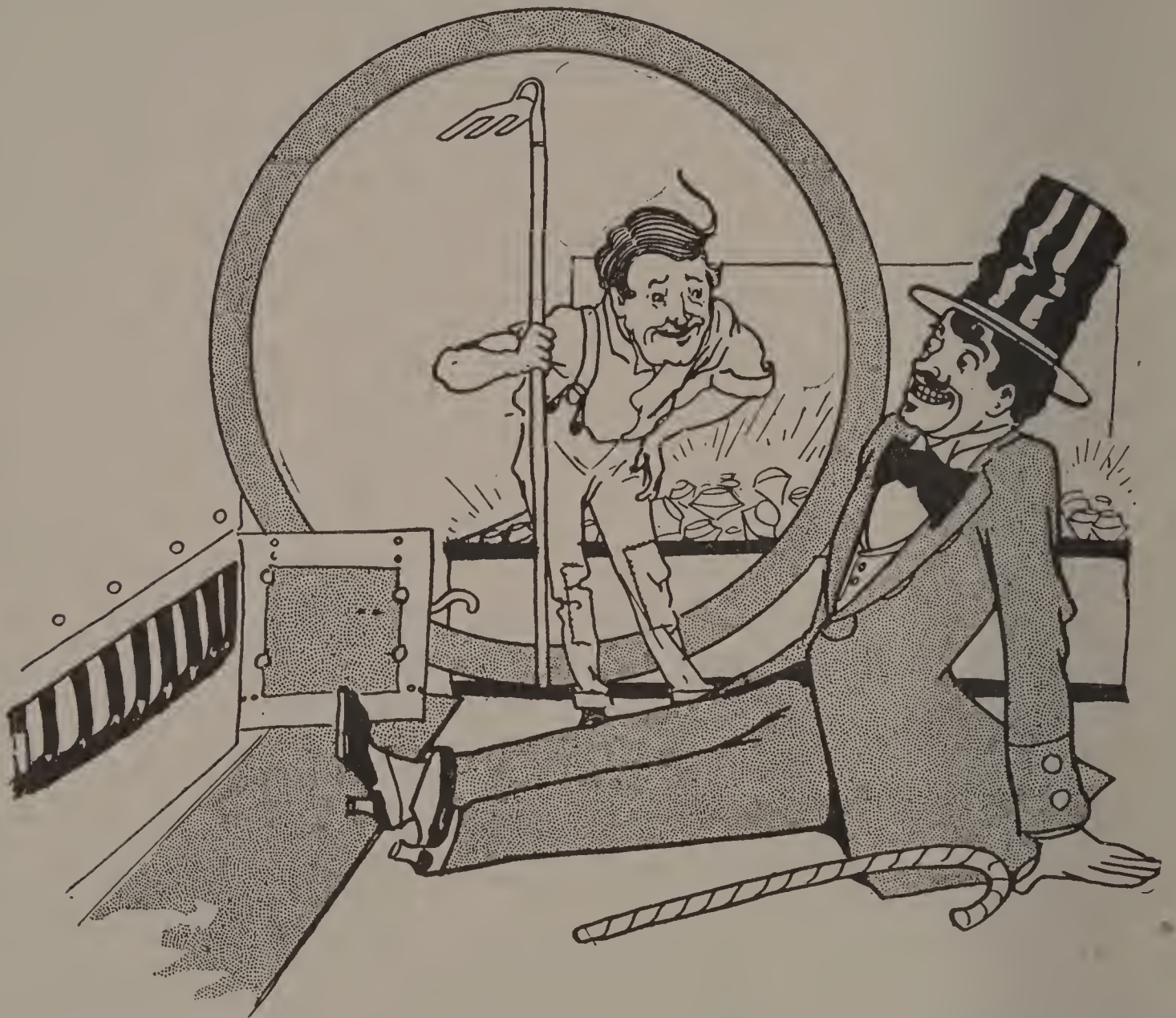
While he paused, bewildered, another calamity overtook him. For the tube suddenly lost its power of repulsion and ceased to work, and the raindrops began to pelt his unprotected body and sink into his gingerbread flesh. He looked around with a groan of dismay, and discovered a small tunnel in a rock near by. Staggering toward this, he entered the tunnel and found that now no rain could reach him. The floor was smooth and dry, and in the far distance he saw a light twinkling.

Not daring to walk farther upon his mushy feet, John got down on his hands and knees and began crawling to the further end of the tunnel. He made slow progress in that position, but soon was encouraged by feeling the warm air of a furnace coming to meet him. So he crawled on until he found he had reached the furnaces underneath the castle, where an old man with kindly eyes was keeping the fires going. John asked permission to dry himself, and was told to make himself at home. So he crept to a

The Power of Repulsion

furnace and put his soaked feet as near the fire as he dared, holding them there until the grateful warmth dried the gingerbread and it became as crisp and solid as ever.

Then he arose cautiously to his feet and found the damage to his heel would not interfere much with his walking.



"I'm much obliged," said John to the janitor; "when it stops raining I'll go on my way."

"Never mind the rain," said the man. "Here is a winding staircase that leads directly upward into the castle. If you go that way the rain cannot reach you. The tunnel through which you entered is only used for ventilation."

So the gingerbread man at once began climbing the stairs.

The Power of Repulsion

There were a good many steps, but finally he came to a gallery of the castle and had little difficulty in finding the passage that led to his own room. As he opened the door he found the bald-headed inventor of the Power of Repulsion eagerly awaiting him.

"Well, how did the tube please you? Is it not wonderful?" he enquired.

"It's wonderful enough when it works," answered John, glancing at his damaged feet; "but it suddenly quit working, and nearly ruined me."

"Ah, the Power became exhausted," returned the man, calmly. "But that is nothing. It can be easily renewed."

"However," John remarked, "I think that whenever one uses your tube as a protection from the rain, he should also carry an umbrella to use in case of accident."

"An umbrella! Bah!" cried the inventor, and left the room in a rage, slamming the door behind him.



DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see a Rabbit climb a tree?

Did you ever see a Lobster ride a Flea?

Did you ever?

No, you never!

For they simply couldn't do it, don't you see.

Did you ever see a fire burn with snow?

Did you ever climb a ladder down below?

Did you ever?

No, you never!

For such things cannot happen, don't you know!

Did you ever see a ship sail on the land?

Did you ever hold a mountain in your hand?

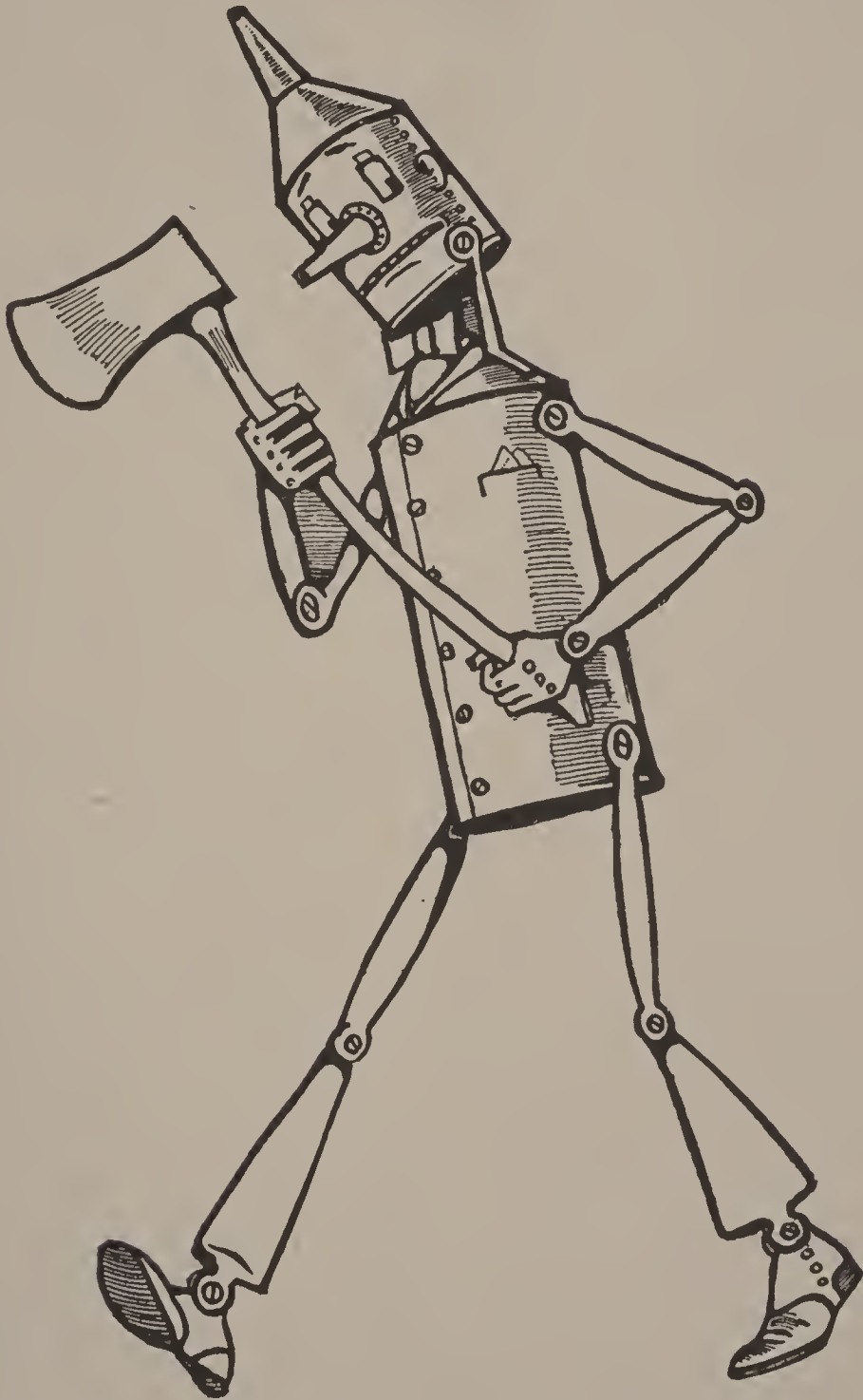
Did you ever?

No, you never!

It really can't be done, you understand!

THE HEART OF A MAN OF TIN

A little girl named Dorothy, wandering in a fairy country called the Land of Oz, had for her companion a Scarecrow whom



she met in a cornfield and lifted from his pole. She was travelling to the Emerald City to ask the Wizard of Oz, who lived there, to send her back home again, and the Scarecrow went with her

The Heart of a Man of Tin

to ask the Wizard to give him some brains. For the straw man realized he could never be much of a man until he secured brains.

On their journey they passed through a wood where they found a man made all of tin, standing motionless before a tree. His axe was upraised in the act of chopping, but they found he was unable to move because the joints of his tin body had rusted. The tin man could talk, however, so he begged Dorothy to get an oil-can that stood near, and with it to oil his joints. This she did, and after a time the Tin Woodman was able to move again, and to walk about. He was very grateful to the little girl for having rescued him and asked to accompany her to the Emerald City, that he might ask the powerful Wizard to give him a heart, which, it seems, he desired as much as the Scarecrow desired brains. She agreed to this, so the three started on together, accompanied by Dorothy's little dog, 'Toto.

"I do hope the Wizard will consent to give me a heart," remarked the tin man.

"I also hope he will give me some brains," sighed the Scarecrow.

"But brains are not the best things in the world," said the woodchopper, who was carrying his axe over his tin shoulder.

"Have you any?" enquired the Scarecrow.

"No; my head is quite empty," answered the tin man. "But once I had brains, and a heart also; so, having tried them both, I greatly prefer a heart."

"And why is that?" asked the Scarecrow.

"I will tell you my story, and then you will know."

So, while they were walking through the forest, the Tin Woodman told the following story:

"I was born the son of a woodman who chopped down trees in the forest and sold the wood for a living. When I grew up I

The Heart of a Man of Tin

too became a woodchopper, and after my father died I took care of my old mother as long as she lived. Then I made up my mind that instead of living alone I would marry, so that I might secure a companion.

“One of the Munchkin girls living near me was so beautiful that I soon grew to love her with all my heart. She, on her part, promised to marry me as soon as I could earn enough money to build a better house for her; so I set to work harder than ever. But the girl lived with an old woman who did not want her to marry anyone, for she was so lazy and selfish that she wished the girl to remain with her and do the cooking and housework. So the old woman went to the Wicked Witch of the East and promised her two sheep and a cow if she would prevent the marriage. Thereupon the Wicked Witch enchanted my axe, and when I was chopping away at my best one day the axe slipped all at once and cut off my left leg.

“This at first seemed a great misfortune, for I knew a one-legged man would not do for a woodchopper, and I was anxious to get my new house and my wife as soon as possible. So I went to a friendly tin-smith and had him make me a new leg out of tin. The leg worked very well, once I was used to it; but my action angered the Wicked Witch of the East, for she had promised the old woman I should not marry the pretty Munchkin girl. When I began chopping again my axe slipped and cut off my right leg. Again I went to the tin-smith, and again he made me a leg out of tin. After this the enchanted axe cut off my arms, one after the other; but, nothing daunted, I had them replaced with tin arms. The Wicked Witch then made my axe slip and cut off my head, and at first I thought that was the end of me. But my friend the tinner happened to come along, and he made me a new head out of tin.

The Heart of a Man of Tin

"I thought I had beaten the Wicked Witch, then, and I worked harder than ever. But I little knew how cruel my enemy could be. She thought of a new way to kill my love for the beautiful Munchkin maiden, and made my axe slip again, so that it cut right through my body, splitting it into two halves. Once more the tinner came to my help and made me a body of tin, fastening my tin arms and legs and head to it, by means of joints, so that I could move around as well as ever. But, alas! I now had no heart, so that I lost all my love for the Munchkin girl and did not care whether I married her or not. I suppose she is still living with the old woman, waiting for me to come after her.

"My body shone so brightly in the sun that I felt very proud of it, and it did not matter now if my axe slipped, for it could not cut me. There was only one danger—that my joints would rust; but I kept an oil-can in my cottage and took care to oil myself whenever I needed it. However, there came a day when I forgot to do this, and, being caught in a rainstorm, before I thought of the danger, my joints had rusted, and I was left to stand motionless in the woods. It was a terrible trial to undergo, but during the year I stood there I had time to realize that the greatest loss I had known was the loss of my heart. While I was in love I was the happiest man on earth; but no one can love who has not a heart, and so I am resolved to ask the Wizard to give me one. If he does, I will go back to the Munchkin maiden and marry her."

"Perhaps," said Dorothy, "she won't care very much for a tin husband."

"Perhaps not," sighed the tin man; "yet I am much brighter than most husbands, and am considered a polished gentleman."

MISS VIOLIN'S BEAU

There's discord in Music Land; why, do you know?

All on account of Miss Violin's beau!

Miss Mandolin frets, and Miss Banjo, to boot,

While Mr. Cornet has gone off on a toot.

They'd come to a dance—'twas a jolly affair,

The orchestra pieces were all of them there:

Stout old Madam Cello, high-strung Mrs. Harp,

Young Flute—a bright fellow, but often too sharp;

Sweet Miss Violin and Viola, her chum,

Soft little Miss Lute, light-headed Miss Drum,

Her father, Bass Drum, who stumps with a stick,

And Miss Tambourine with her merry click-click.

This high-toned assemblage—a sensitive lot—

Were keyed to a pitch to perform on the spot

When Miss Violin, looking sharply around,

Discovered her beau was nowhere to be found.

Unstrung, broken hearted, she leaned on the wall

While great consternation arose in the hall.

“Oh, oh, for a Beau!” in a high tremolo

Trilled Miss Mandolin, who had ne'er had a beau.

Then boomed Madam Cellô: “Oh, fiddlesticks! tell,

You loud little thing, do you think you're a bell?”

Miss Mandolin pouted: “I really don't see

Why somebody always is picking on me. ”

Miss Violin's Beau

"Stop!" tinkled Miss Banjo; "don't rattle her so.

"*You'd* scrape an acquaintance with any old beau.
You're cracked, Cello dear, and by common report
Accompany pieces of very low sort!"

And so the dispute rose higher and higher

Till Mr. Flute piped: "Mrs. Harp, you're a lyre!"
But just at this juncture, mid turmoil and din,
The door opened wide—the Director walked in.

"Hush!" sternly he cried, and frowned a deep frown;

"You're all out of tune and had better tone down.
Be still, Miss Viola! don't try to sing bass,
And I will look into Miss Violin's case."

Deep silence ensued; not another harsh word

Nor one not of discord was then to be heard.
He looked for one moment—one only—for lo
Right there in her case lay Miss Violin's beau!

THE SHAGGY MAN

The Shaggy Man stood in the great hall of the royal palace of Oz, his shaggy hat in his hands, wondering what would become of him. He had never been a guest in a fine palace before; perhaps he had never been a guest anywhere. In the big, cold, outside world people did not invite shaggy men to their homes, and this especial shaggy man had slept in more haylofts and stables



than in comfortable rooms. He eyed the splendidly dressed servants of the Princess Ozma as if he expected to be ordered out; but one of them bowed before him as respectfully as if he had been a prince, and said: "Permit me, sir, to conduct you to your apartments."

The Shaggy Man drew a long breath and took courage. "Very well," he answered.

The Shaggy Man

Through the big hall they went, up the grand staircase carpeted with thick velvet, and along a wide corridor to a carved doorway. Here the servant paused, and opening the door said with polite deference:

"Be good enough to enter, sir, and make yourself at home in the rooms our Royal Ozma has ordered prepared for you. Whatever you see is for you to use and enjoy, as if your own. The Princess dines at seven, and I shall be here to lead you to the drawing-room, where you will be privileged to meet the lovely ruler of Oz. Is there any command, in the meantime, with which you desire to honor me?"

"No," said the Shaggy Man. "But I'm much obliged."

He entered the room and shut the door, and for a time stood in bewilderment, admiring the grandeur before him. He had been given one of the handsomest apartments in the most magnificent palace in the world, and you cannot wonder that his good fortune astonished and awed him until he grew used to his surroundings.

The furniture was upholstered in cloth of gold, with the royal crown embroidered upon it in scarlet. The rug upon the marble floor was so thick and soft that he could not hear the sound of his own footsteps, while on the walls were splendid tapestries woven with scenes from the Land of Oz. Books and ornaments were scattered about in profusion, and the Shaggy Man thought he had never seen so many pretty things in one place before. In one corner played a tinkling fountain of perfumed water, and in another was a table bearing a golden tray loaded with freshly gathered fruit, including several of the red-cheeked apples the Shaggy Man was so fond of.

At the far end of this charming room was an open doorway, and he crossed over to find himself in a bedroom containing more comforts than he could ever have imagined. The bedstead was of

The Shaggy Man

gold and set with many brilliant diamonds, and the coverlet had designs of pearls and rubies sewn upon it. At one side of the bedroom was a dainty dressing-room, with closets containing a large assortment of fresh clothing; and beyond this was the bath—a



large room having a marble pool big enough to swim in, with white marble steps leading down to the water. Around the edge of the pool were set rows of fine emeralds as large as door-knobs, while the water of the bath was clear as crystal.

The Shaggy Man

For a time the Shaggy Man gazed upon all this luxury with silent amazement. Then he decided, being wise in his way, to take advantage of his good fortune. He removed his shaggy boots and his shaggy clothing and bathed in the pool with rare enjoyment. After he had dried himself with the soft towel he went into the dressing-room and took fresh linen from the drawers and put it on, finding that everything fitted him exactly. He examined the contents of the closets and selected an elegant suit of clothing. Strangely enough, everything about it was shaggy, although so new and beautiful, and he sighed with contentment to realize that he could now be finely dressed and still be the Shaggy Man. His coat was of rose-colored velvet, trimmed with shags and bobtails, with buttons of blood-red rubies and golden shags around the edges. His vest was a shaggy satin of delicate cream color, and his knee-breeches of rose velvet trimmed like the coat. Shaggy creamy stockings of silk, and shaggy slippers of rose leather with ruby buckles, completed his costume, and when he was thus attired the Shaggy Man looked at himself in a long mirror with great admiration.

On a table he found a mother-of-pearl chest decorated with delicate silver vines and flowers of clustered rubies, and on the cover was a silver plate engraved with these words: "THE SHAGGY MAN: His Box of Ornaments."

The chest was not locked, so he opened it and was almost dazzled by the brilliance of the rich jewels it contained. After admiring the pretty things, he took out a fine golden watch with a big chain, several handsome finger-rings and an ornament of rubies to pin on the breast of his shaggy shirt-bosom. Having carefully brushed his hair and whiskers all the wrong way, to make them look as shaggy as possible, the Shaggy Man breathed a deep sigh of joy and decided he was ready to meet the royal Princess as

The Shaggy Man

soon as she sent for him. While he waited he returned to the beautiful sitting-room and ate several of the red-cheeked apples to pass away the time.

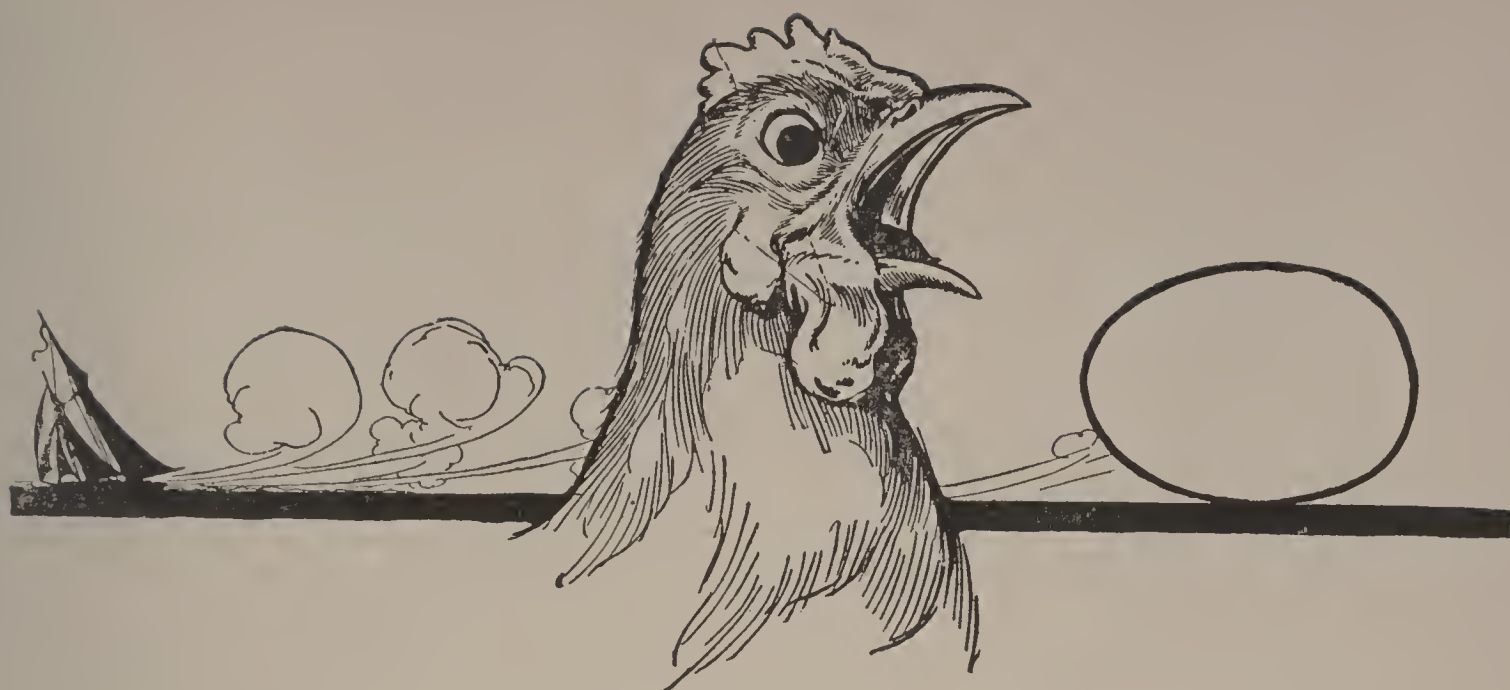
"It's a queer world," he reflected, between bites, "and queer things are always happening in it. Of course, if one lives among princes and princesses, he must dress in a princely fashion; but I do not think I am a bit happier amid all this luxury than I was when poorly dressed and content to wander through the world."



THE LION AND THE ANT

A bee flew down and ate an ant;
A bug he ate the bee;
A hen then gobbled down the bug
But failed a hawk to see.
The hawk had eaten up the hen
Before he saw the cat,
Which ate him up, but then a dog
Ate pussy quick as scat!
A wolf now sprang upon the dog
And ate him in a trice;
And then a lion ate the wolf,
And found him very nice.
But as the lion fell asleep
He said: "I really can't
Imagine why that wolf should taste
Exactly like an ant!"





THE YELLOW HEN

A little girl named Dorothy, having been shipwrecked at sea, floated to a strange island by clinging to an old chicken-coop. It was night when she landed on this unknown shore, so she fell asleep upon the sands and slept till morning.

A strange sound awakened her. Surely she heard a hen cackling, she thought.

"Kut-kut-kut, ka-daw-kut! Kut-kut-kut, ka-daw-w-w—kut!"

"What's that?" cried Dorothy, starting to her feet.

"Why, I've just laid an egg, that's all," replied a small, but sharp and distinct voice, and looking around her the little girl discovered a yellow hen perched upon the stranded chicken-coop.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Were you shipwrecked, too?"

"Of course," answered the hen, fluttering her wings and yawning. "When the coop fell off the ship into the water I thought I would drown, but I clung fast to the slats, and here I am, safe and sound."

"But how does it happen you are able to talk?" asked Dorothy. "I thought hens could only cluck and cackle."

The Yellow Hen

"Why, as for that," answered the yellow hen, thoughtfully "I've clucked and cackled all my life, and never spoken a word before this morning, that I can remember. But when you asked a question, a minute ago, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to answer you. So I spoke; and I seem to keep on speaking, just as you and other human beings do. Strange, isn't it?"

"Very," replied Dorothy. "We must have landed upon some fairy country, where animals and things can talk, as they do in the Land of Oz. That's the only way *I* can account for it."

"How is my grammar?" asked the yellow hen, anxiously. "Do I speak quite properly, in your judgment?"

"Yes," said Dorothy; "you do very well, for a beginner."

"I'm glad to know that," continued the yellow hen, in a confidential tone; "because, if one is going to talk, it's best to talk correctly. The red rooster has often said that my cluck and my cackle were quite perfect, and now it's a comfort to know I am talking properly."

"I'm beginning to get hungry," remarked Dorothy. "It's breakfast time, but there's no breakfast."

"You may have my egg," said the yellow hen. "I don't care for it, you know."

"Don't you want to hatch it?" asked the little girl, in surprise.

"No, indeed; I never care to hatch eggs unless I've a snug nest, in some quiet place, with a baker's dozen of eggs under me. That's thirteen, you know, and it's a lucky number for hens. So you may as well eat this egg."

"Oh, I couldn't *poss'bly* eat it, unless it was cooked," declared Dorothy. "But I'm much obliged for your kindness, just the same. Why do you lay eggs, if you don't expect to hatch 'em?"

"It's a habit I have," replied the hen. "It has always been my pride to lay a fresh egg every morning. I never feel like having

The Yellow Hen

my morning cackle till the egg is properly laid, and without the chance to cackle I would not be happy."

"It's strange," said the girl, reflectively; "but as I'm not a hen I can't be 'spected to understand that."

"Certainly not, my dear." Then the hen fluttered from the coop to the sand and after pruning her feathers a bit, she remarked: "I'm a trifle hungry myself."



"Why don't you eat the egg?" asked the child.

"Do you take me for a cannibal?" cried the hen, indignantly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the girl, gravely. Then she became silent, for a time, and watched the hen, who was pick-pecking away with her sharp bill in the sand and gravel, which she scratched up and turned over with her strong claws.

"What are you doing?" asked Dorothy.

The Yellow Hen

"Getting my breakfast, of course," murmured the hen, busily pecking away.

"What do you find?" enquired the girl, curiously.

"Oh, some fat red ants, and some sand-bugs, and once in a while a tiny crab. They are very sweet and nice, I assure you."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Dorothy, in a shocked voice.

"What is dreadful?" asked the hen, lifting her head to gaze with one bright eye at her companion.

"Why, eating live things, and horrid bugs, and crawly ants. You ought to be '*shamed*' of yourself!"

"Goodness me!" returned the hen, in a puzzled tone; "how queer you are, Dorothy! Live things are much fresher and more wholesome than dead ones, and you humans eat all sorts of dead creatures."

"We don't" said Dorothy.

"You do, indeed," answered the hen. "You eat lambs and sheep and cows and pigs, and even chickens."

"But we cook 'em!" said Dorothy, triumphantly.

"What difference does that make?"

"A good deal," said the girl, in a graver tone. "I can't just 'splain the diff'rence, but it's there. And, anyhow, we never eat such dreadful things as bugs."

"But you eat the chickens that eat the bugs," retorted the yellow hen, with an odd cackle. "So you are just as bad as we chickens are."

This made Dorothy thoughtful. What the hen said was true enough, and it almost took away her appetite for breakfast. As for the yellow hen, she continued to peck away at the sand busily, and seemed quite contented with her bill-of-fare.



POLLYWOG

Who has the big-head mighty bad?

The Pollywog!

Who's pessimistic, grave and sad?

The Pollywog!

Who really is quite a swell

And has a tail he cannot tell—

Who never needs an umberell?

The Pollywog!

It would grieve me to deceive thee, melancholy Pollywog:

You're a brief and simple preface to a ruminating frog.

You may wriggle till you croak—

You may wiggle while you soak—

But you're nothing but a joke—

Poor Pollywog!

Who wanders wide without a thought?

The Pollywog!

Who never does the thing he ought?

The Pollywog!

Who drinks, although he's never dry?

Who has no shoe-strings he must tie?

Who cannot kick till by-and-by?

The Pollywog!

You're not pretty, you're not witty, embryonic Pollywog!

You're about as interesting as a bump upon a log.

Though your charm to find we try,

At your form we heave a sigh;

But you'll soon transmogrify—

Poor Pollywog!



THE CORRUGATED GIANT

One day Twinkle captured a small mudturtle in a brook and carried it home. To her amazement she found the turtle could talk. His voice was small and soft, but by holding him to her ear she could understand him plainly. He told her he was a fairy prince, and begged her to help him regain his own form.

The Corrugated Giant

"But aren't you a turtle?" asked Twinkle.

"In outward appearance I am indeed a common little mud-turtle," was the answer; "and I think you will agree it was rather clever in the Corrugated Giant to transform me into such a creature."

"What's a Corrugated Giant?" asked Twinkle. with breathless interest.

"The Corrugated Giant is a monster full of deep wrinkles, because he has no bones inside him to hold his flesh up properly," said the turtle. "I hated this Giant, who is both wicked and cruel; and the Giant hated me. So, when one day I tried to destroy him, the monster transformed me into the helpless little being you see before you."

"And must you always be a turtle?" asked Twinkle.

"Not if you are willing to help me regain my proper form as a fairy prince," he answered.

"I won't have to fight that Carbolated Giant, will I?" the girl asked, doubtfully.

"He isn't carbolated; he's corrugated. No, you won't have to fight at all. When the proper time comes I'll do the fighting myself. But you must come with me to the Black Mountains, where the giant lives, and by means of my fairy powers I can whisk us there through the air in a jiffy."

"Mamma won't let me go so far," said Twinkle.

"If you follow my advice, no one will ever know you've been mixed up with fairies and strange adventures," declared the turtle.

"And Collerated Giants," she added.

"Corrugated," he corrected.

"All right, I'll go," promised the girl.

She picked up the turtle and the next minute it seemed as

The Corrugated Giant



though a gale of wind had struck her. It blew so strongly against her eyes that she could not see; so she covered her face with one arm while with the other hand she held fast to the mud-turtle. But it didn't last long, and presently she found herself standing on a mountain before a big grey castle.

"Here we are!" cried the turtle, cheerfully.

"Where?" asked Twinkle, who was somewhat dazed.

The Corrugated Giant

"In the Black mountains, and in that castle lives the enemy who transformed me into a turtle. You must walk in bravely."

"Gracious!" cried Twinkle; "must I meet the Carbonated Giant?"

"He's Corrugated," said the turtle.

"I know he's something dreadful," she wailed, "because he's so hard to pronounce."

"You will surely have to meet him," continued the turtle; "but do not fear. I will protect you from all harm."

"Well, a Corralated Giant's a mighty big person," said the girl, doubtfully, "and a mudturtle is n't much of a fighter. I guess I'll go home."

"That is impossible," the turtle declared. "You are too far from home ever to get back without my help, so you may as well be good and obedient."

"What must I do?" she asked.

"There is smoke coming out of the chimney, so the giant has put his pot on the fire to boil his dinner. You must march straight into the castle kitchen, where the giant is at work, and throw me quickly into the boiling kettle. That is all you will be required to do."

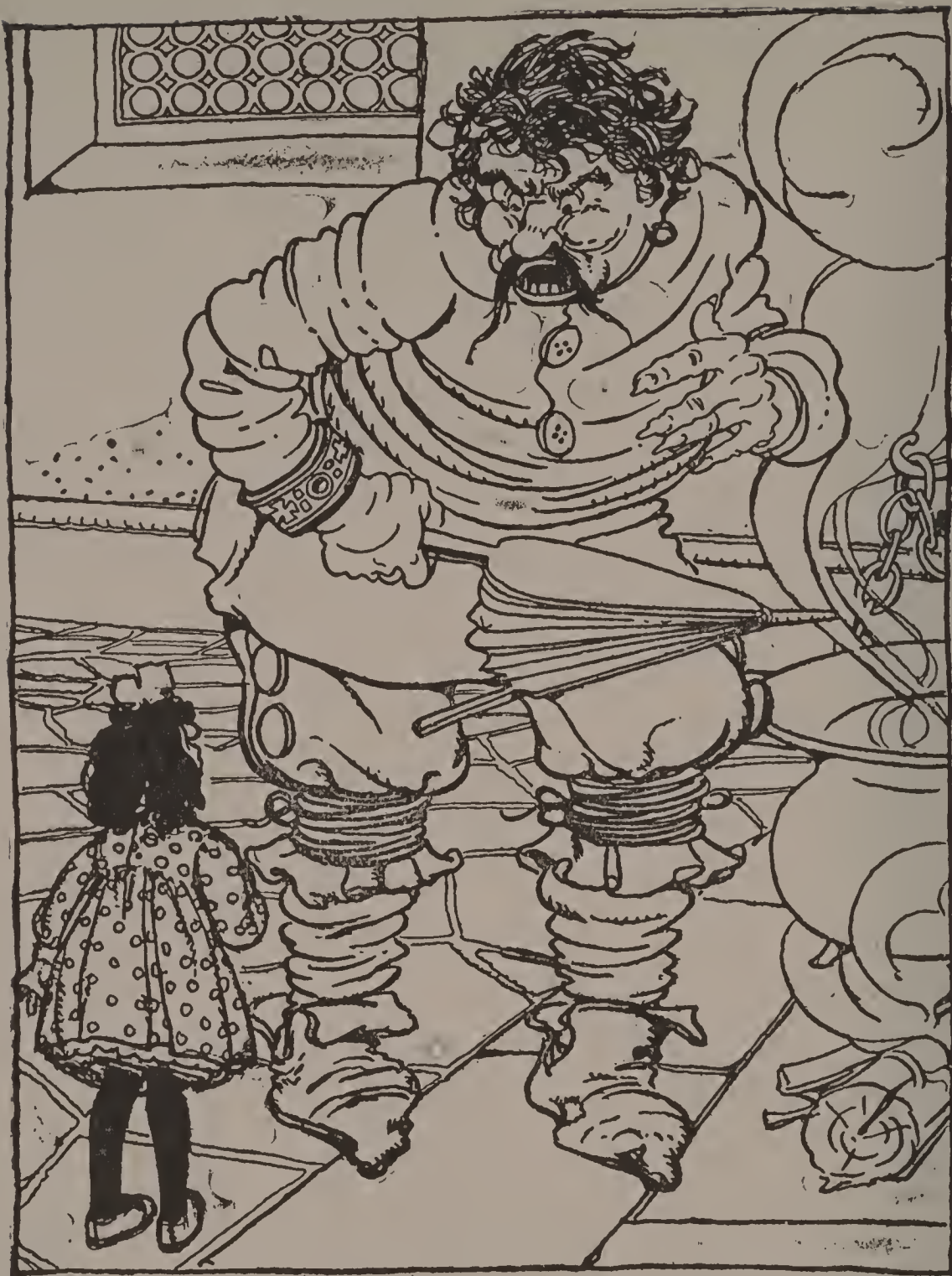
"You'd be scalded to death, and then I'd be a murderer!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense," replied the turtle, peevishly. "Remember I'm a fairy, and fairies can't be killed so easily as you seem to think."

Twinkle couldn't help being a little afraid to approach the giant's stronghold, but she tried to be brave and so stepped along briskly until she came to the front door of the castle, which stood ajar.

"Go in," said the turtle; so she boldly entered and passed down a high arched hall to a room in the rear.

The Corrugated Giant



"This is the kitchen," said the turtle. "Enter quickly, go straight to the kettle, and throw me into the boiling water."

Twinkle entered quickly, and there before her stood the ugly giant, blowing the fire with an immense pair of bellows. He was as big around as ten men, and as tall as two; but having no bones, he seemed pushed together, so that his skin wrinkled up like the sides of an accordeon or a photograph camera, even his face being

The Corrugated Giant

so wrinkled that his nose stuck out between two folds of flesh and his eyes from between two more.

As the Corrugated Giant turned around to look at her with a scowl of wonder at her intrusion, the girl gave a shudder of fear and horror but walked straight past him to where the great kettle hung over the fire. An instant later she had reached out her hand and tossed the turtle into the boiling water.

Sure enough, the little mudturtle was a fairy, and knew exactly the way to break the enchantment his enemy had put upon him. A hissing cloud of steam came from the kettle, and as it cleared away a handsome young prince stepped forward, fully armed; the kettle having changed into a strong shield which he bore upon his left arm, while the iron spoon was now a long and glittering sword.

The Corrugated Giant gave a roar of rage at sight of his foe, but before he had time to do more the fairy prince neatly prodded him with his sword until the monster was dead. Then the victor turned to Twinkle.

"Thank you very much," he said, in a sweet voice, "for setting me free. You are a very brave little girl!"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "I was dreadfully scared."

"Close your eyes," said the prince. Twinkle obeyed, and again the wind sang past her ears. After a time she ventured to look around, and found herself at home.

THE MILK-MAID

The maid that minds the dairy
Is the farmyard dignitary,
And her rule is arbitrary
Where the meek-eyed heifers browse;
All the day she has to putter
Skimming cream and churning butter,
And at evening out she'll flutter
 With her pail to milk the cows.

“S-o boss! So-o boss!
 So-o boss! So!
Don't be cross or make a fuss
But let the sweet milk flow.
Never kick or mind the flies,
Switch your tail or blink your eyes—
You'll be good if you are wise:
 So-o boss! So!”

The maid that minds the dairy
Is to no one secondary,
And its very necessary
 That she understands her work.
She must gentle be, and skillful
Or her pail she'll never fill full,
For the bossie-cow is wilfull
 And her duty loves to shirk.

“So-o boss! So-o boss!
 So-o-o boss! So!
Don't be cross or make a fuss
 But let the sweet milk flow!
Do not kick or mind the flies,
Your objections pray disguise;
You'll be good if you are wise:
 So-o-o boss! So!”

THE COWARDLY LION

There is a fairy tale about a little girl who had some queer adventures in the mythical Land of Oz. Here she found that animals could talk, although Dorothy's little dog, Toto, who was with her, could not manage to talk, having been born in Kansas instead of a fairy country. But a live Scarecrow that the child met talked very well, and so did a Tin Woodman, who became one of her companions. It amused Dorothy to converse with these queer creatures, for they were simple and honest and never had a thought of deceiving her.

One day, as they were all walking through a forest together—Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Man and Toto—a terrible roar sounded in their ears, and the next moment a great Lion bounded into the road. With one blow of his paw he sent the Scarecrow spinning over and over to the edge of the road, and then he struck at the Tin Woodman with his sharp claws. But, to the Lion's surprise, he could make no impression on the tin, although the Woodman fell over in the road and lay still. Little Toto, now that he had an enemy to face, ran barking toward the Lion, and the great beast had opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Dorothy, fearing Toto would be killed and heedless of danger, rushed forward and slapped the Lion upon his nose as hard as she could, while she cried out:

"Don't you dare to bite Toto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you, to bite a poor little dog!"

"I didn't bite him," said the Lion, as he rubbed his nose with his paw, where Dorothy had hit it.

"No, but you tried to," she retorted. "You are nothing but a big coward."

"I know it," said the Lion, hanging his head in shame; "I've always known it. But how can I help it?"

The Cowardly Lion

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied. "To think of your striking a stuffed man, like the poor Scarecrow!"

"Oh, is he stuffed?" asked the Lion, in surprise, as he watched her pick up the Scarecrow and set him upon his feet, while she patted him into shape again.

"Of course he's stuffed," said Dorothy, who was still angry.

"That's why he went over so easily," remarked the Lion. "It



astonished me to see him whirl around so. Is the other one stuffed also?"

"No," said Dorothy; "he's made of tin." And she helped the Woodman up again.

"That's why he nearly blunted my claws," said the Lion. "When they scratched against the tin it made a cold shiver run down my back. What is that little animal you are so tender of?"

The Cowardly Lion

"He is my dog, Toto," answered the girl.

"Is he made of tin, or is he stuffed?" asked the Lion.

"Neither one. He's a—a—a meat dog," said Dorothy.

"Oh. He's a curious animal, and seems remarkably small, now that I look at him. No one would think of biting such a little thing except a coward like me," continued the Lion, sadly.

"What makes you a coward?" she asked, looking at the great beast in wonder.

"It's a mystery," replied the Lion. "I suppose I was born that way. All the other animals in the forest naturally expect me to be brave, for the Lion is everywhere thought to be the King of Beasts. I learned that if I roared very loudly every living thing was frightened and got out of my way. Whenever I've met a man I've been awfully scared; but I just roared at him and he has always run away as fast as he could go. If the elephants and the tigers and the bears had ever tried to fight me, I knew I should have run myself—I'm such a coward; but just as soon as they hear me roar they all try to get away from me, and of course I let them go."

"But that isn't right. The King of Beasts shouldn't be a coward," said the Scarecrow.

"I know it," returned the Lion, wiping a tear from his eye with the tip of his tail; "it is my great sorrow, and makes my life very unhappy. But whenever there is danger, my heart begins to beat fast."

"Perhaps you have heart disease," said the Tin Woodman.

"It may be," said the Lion.

"No," declared Dorothy, "that doesn't 'splain it. I guess it's lion nature, because it's human nature. Out West in Kansas, where I live, they always say that the cowboy that roars the loudest and claims he's the baddest man, is sure to be the biggest coward of all."

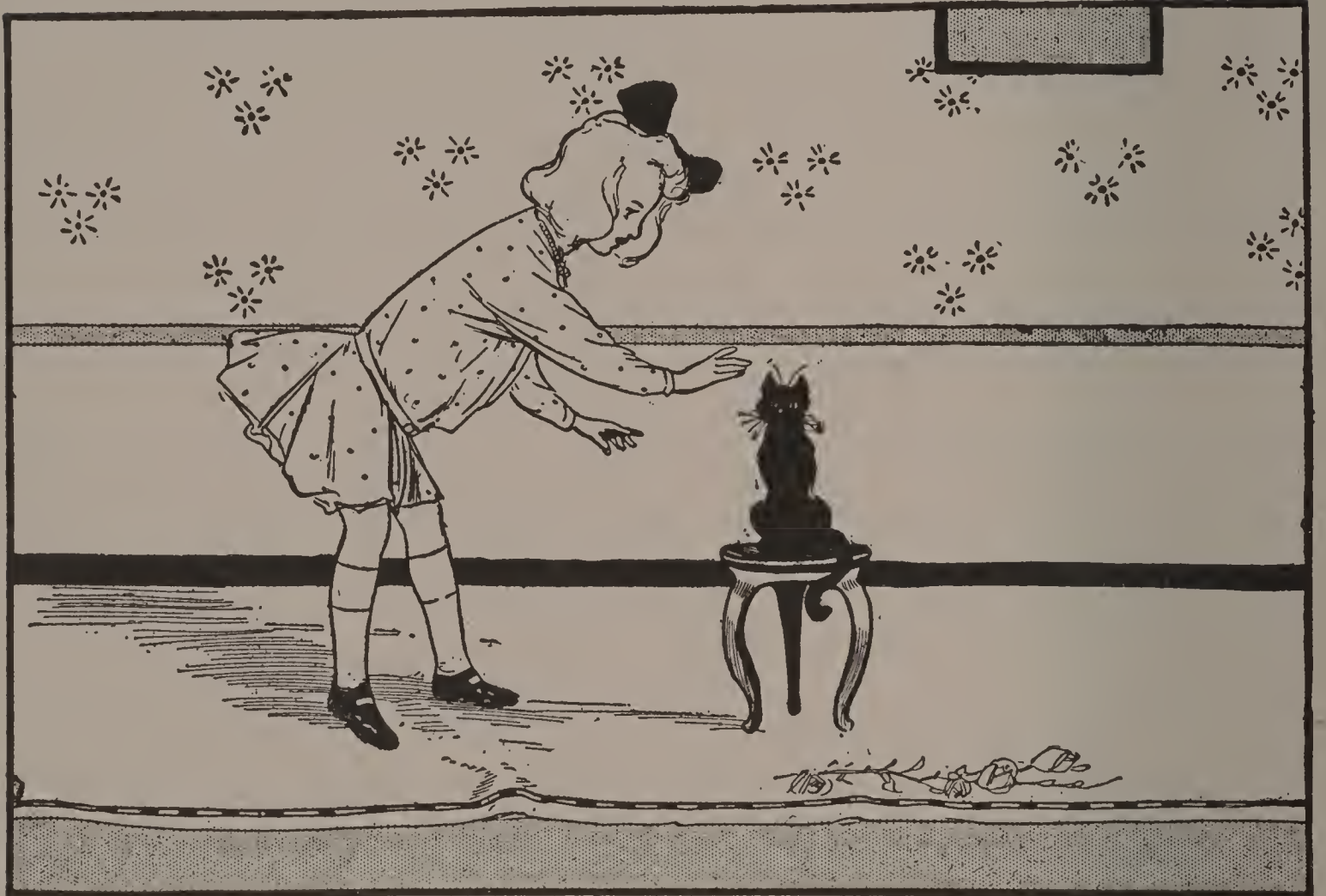
PUSSY-CAT MEW

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where do you go?"

"To London, to visit the palace, you know."

"Pussy-cat Mew, will you come back again?"

"Oh, yes! I'll scamper with might and with main!"



Pussy-cat Mew now set off on her way,
Stepping quite softly and feeling right gay.
Smooth was the road, so he travelled at ease,
Warmed by the sunshine and fanned by the breeze.

Over the hills to the valleys below,
Through the deep woods where soft mosses grow,
Skirting the fields, with buttercups dotted,
Swiftly our venturesome Pussy-cat trotted.

Pussy-Cat Mew

Sharp watch she kept when a village she neared,
For mischievous boys our Pussy-cat feared.
Often she crept through the meadows so deep
To pass a fierce dog that was lying asleep.

Once, as she walked through a sweet-clover field,
Something beside her affrightedly squealed,
And swift from her path there darted away
A tiny field-mouse, with fur of soft gray.

"Here," thought our Puss, "is chance for a dinner;
If I outrun him, I'll be the winner!"
Quickly she started the mouse to give chase—
Over the clover they ran a great race.

Just as it seemed that our Pussy would win
The mouse spied a hole and quickly popped in;
Thus he escaped, for the hole was so small
Pussy-cat couldn't squeeze in it at all.

Softly she crouched, and with eyes big and round
Steadily watched that small hole in the ground.
"Mousie may think he's escaped me," she said,
"I'll get him sure if he sticks out his head!"

While she was watching the poor mouse's plight
The growl of a dog our Puss did affright;
She gave a great cry, then started to run
Swift as a bullet that's shot from a gun.

"Meow! Oh, meow!" our poor Puss did say;
"Woof!" barked the dog, who was not far away.
O'er fields and ditches they scampered apace,
O'er fence and hedge-row they kept up the race.

Pussy-Cat Mew

Then Pussy saw just before her a tree;
Safety she knew in its branches there'd be;
So up the tree with a bound did she go,
Leaving the big dog to growl down below.

Now, by good fortune, a man came that way,
Calling the dog, who was forced to obey;
But Puss stayed aloft until she well knew
Both dog and man had passed far out of view.

Pursuing her way, at nightfal she came
To London, a town you know well by name,
And wandering 'round in byway and street
A strange Pussy-cat she happened to meet.

"Good evening," said Pussy-cat Mew. "Pray tell
Where the good Queen and her family dwell.
Being a stranger I'm anxious to see
How a Queen looks and how fair she may be."

"Oh," said the other, "you really must know
Strangers are never permitted to go
Inside the palace, unless invited;
We're of a race persistently slighted!

"Still, I've discovered an excellent way
To enter the palace all times of day
In spite of the guards, so just come with me
If you're ambitious our good Queen to see."

Puss thanked her friend, and together they stole
Back of the palace and crept through a hole
Leading by devious ways to a stair
Which they ascended with praiseworthy care.

Pussy-Cat Mew

"Here I must leave you," the strange Pussy said.
"Don't be a 'fraid-cat, but go straight ahead.
Don't be alarmed if by chance you are seen;
People will think you belong to the Queen."

Pussy-cat Mew did as she had been told,
Crept through the palace so cautious and bold
Soon she arrived where the Queen sat in state,
Mid lords and ladies and counsellors great.

There in a corner our Pussy sat down,
Gazed at the sceptre and blinked at the crown,
Eyed the Queen's dress, all of purple and gold—
Surely a beautiful sight to behold!

But, of a sudden, she started, for there
Sat a gray mouse, crouched just under the chair
Where her Majesty sat, and Pussy well knew
'Twould frighten the Queen if it came into view.

So toward the chair our Pussy-cat stole—
Now the mouse saw her and ran for its hole
Pussy dashed after, and during the race
A terrible panic of fear took place!

Ladies all sprang on their chairs in alarm,
Lords drew their swords to protect them from harm;
The Queen gave a scream and fainted away—
An act quite undignified, I must say.

Some one yelled "Burglars!" and some cried "Treason!"
Some one howled "Murder!"—none knew the reason;
Some one shrieked "Fire!" they are burning the house!"
Some one said "Silence! it's only a mouse!"

Pussy-Cat Mew

Pussy-cat Mew was so awfully scared
By shouting and screams, she no longer dared
Remain in the room, so without delay
She rushed from the place and scampered away.

With fur bristling out and heart beating fast
Down the straight road that led homeward she passed.
“What business,” she thought, “has a poor country cat
To visit a city of madmen like that?”

“Straight home will I go, where I am well fed,
Where mistress is kind, and soft is my bed;
Let other cats travel, if they would fain roam,
But as for myself, I’ll now stay at home!”

So over the valleys and green hills she ran,
Journeying fast as a Pussy-cat can,
Till, just as the dawn of day did begin,
She reached her old home and softly stole in.

There was the fire, with the pot boiling on it;
There was the maid, in her blue checkered bonnet;
There was the corner where Pussy oft basked;
There was the mistress, who eagerly asked:

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?”

“I’ve been to London, to visit the Queen.”

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?”

“Frightened a little mouse under the chair!”

LITTLE BUN RABBIT

There was once a little country girl who had no playmates except the animals on the farm and in the fields, but these she came to know very well, and even to understand their language—which



few people can do. And the animals loved little Doris in turn, for the word passed around amongst them that she could be trusted to do them no harm. The horse, whose soft nose Doris often

Little Bun Rabbit

stroked, told the cow of her gentleness and kindness, and the cow told the dog, and the dog told the cat, and the cat told her black kitten, and the black kitten told the rabbit one day when they met in the turnip patch.

Therefore when the rabbit, which is the most timid of all animals, looked out of a small bush one day and saw Doris standing near, he did not scamper away, but sat very still and boldly met the gaze of her sweet eyes. Doris, fearing she might frighten him, kept quiet for a time, smiling encouragement at her timorous companion until the rabbit felt at ease and blinked his big eyes at her thoughtfully. He was as much interested in the little girl as she was in him, as it was the first time he had dared to meet any mortal person face to face.

Finally Doris asked, very softly and slowly:

*"Oh, little Bun Rabbit, so soft and so shy,
Say, what do you see with your big round eye?"
"In winter we Rabbits," said Bunny so shy,
Keep watch to see Santa go galloping by."*

"And do you ever see him?" asked the girl, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; every winter," replied the rabbit, hopping a little closer. "I am not afraid of him, or of his reindeer. It is such fun to see him come dashing along, cracking his whip and calling out cheerily to his reindeer, who are able to run even swifter than we rabbits. And Santa Claus always gives me a nod and a smile. Once I visited him, and saw old Santa make his toys."

"Oh, tell me about it!" pleaded Doris.

"It was one morning after Christmas," said the rabbit, who seemed to enjoy talking, now that he had overcome his fear of the girl; "I was sitting by the roadside when Santa Claus came

Little Bun Rabbit

riding back in his empty sleigh. He does not come *home* quite so fast as he goes, and when he saw me he stopped for a word.

“‘You look very pretty, Bun Rabbit,’ he said in his jolly way; ‘I think the babies would love to have you to play with.’

“‘They would soon kill me with handling,’ I answered, ‘even if they did not scare me to death; for babies are very rough with their playthings.’

“‘That is true,’ replied Santa Claus; ‘and yet you are so soft and pretty it is a pity the babies can’t have you. Still, as they might harm a live rabbit, I think I shall make some toy rabbits, which they cannot hurt; so, if you will jump into my sleigh with me and ride home to my house, I’ll see if I can’t make some toy rabbits just like you.’

“Of course I consented, for we all like to please old Santa, and a minute later we were dashing away at full speed toward his home. It stood in a beautiful valley and was a very cosy place, I assure you. Santa Claus lives there all alone, except for old Mother Hubbard, who cooks the meals for him, and her cupboard is never bare now, I promise you!”

“Go on!” said Doris, softly.

“Well, there is one big room that is Santa’s work-shop, where he makes the toys. On one side is his work-bench, with plenty of saws and hammers and jack-knives; and on another side is the paint-bench, with paints of every color and brushes of every size and shape. And in other places are great shelves, where the toys are put to dry and to keep new and bright until Christmas comes and it is time to load them all into his sleigh.

“After Mother Hubbard had given me a good dinner Santa Claus took me into his work-room and sat me on the table. Then he took a roll of soft fur from a shelf in a corner and commenced to cut it out in the shape of a rabbit. He whistled all the time he

Little Bun Rabbit

was working, and he talked to me in such a jolly way that I sat perfectly still and allowed him to measure my ears and my legs so that he could cut the fur into the proper form.

“ ‘Why, I’ve got your nose too long, Bunny!’ he said once; and then he snipped a little off the fur he was cutting, so that the toy rabbit’s nose would be like mine. And again he said: ‘Good



gracious! the ears are too short entirely!’ So he had to get a needle and thread and sew more fur to the ears, that they might be the right size. But after a time it was all finished, and then he stuffed the fur full of sawdust and sewed it up neatly; after which he put in some glass eyes that made the toy rabbit look wonderfully life-like. When it was all done he put it on the table beside me, and at

Little Bun Rabbit

first I did n't know whether I was the live rabbit or the toy rabbit, we were so much alike.

“ ‘It's a very good job,’ said Santa, nodding his head at us pleasantly, ‘and I shall have to make a lot of these rabbits, for the little children will surely be greatly pleased with them.’

“So he immediately began to make another, and this time he cut the fur just the right size, so that it was even better than the first rabbit.

“ ‘I must put a squeak in it,’ said Santa.

“So he took a box of squeaks from a shelf and put one into the rabbit before he sewed it up. When it was all finished he pressed the toy rabbit with his thumb and it squeaked so naturally that I jumped off the table, fearing at first the new rabbit was alive. Old Santa laughed merrily at this, and I soon recovered from my fright and was pleased to think the babies were to have such pretty playthings.

“ ‘And now,’ said Santa Claus, ‘if you're ready to go, I'll hitch up my reindeer and take you home. Hereafter I can make the rabbits without looking at you, but I thank you for being my model, and I'm sure the children will thank you.’

“ ‘Never mind taking me home,’ I said, ‘for I prefer to run along by myself and see the country.’ Then I said good-bye, and—”

The rabbit paused, raising his head and listening as if he heard something.

“What is it?” enquired the girl, also listening.

“It's the farmer's big shepherd dog,” answered the rabbit, “and I must be going before he sees me, or I may have to run for my life. Good-bye, Doris!”

Next instant he was away like a streak, and the girl was left alone.

THE DOLL AND THE JUMPING-JACK

A jumping-jack on a toy-shop shelf—
A limber jointed fellow—
Made love and won a china doll
Whose hair was long and yellow;
And when the toys assembled to
Congratulate the couple,
The jumping-jack cavorted 'round
With antics loose and supple.
Said he: "Her glances pierce my heart
Like any keen stilleto,
So I will swear eternal love
In jumping-jack falsetto.

"Dolly, I love you as I've never loved before!
Dolly, pray tell me I'm the toy you most adore!
Dolly, when we are wed of love you'll never lack,
For your heart will thump
With a loving jump
At the sight of your jumping-jack!"

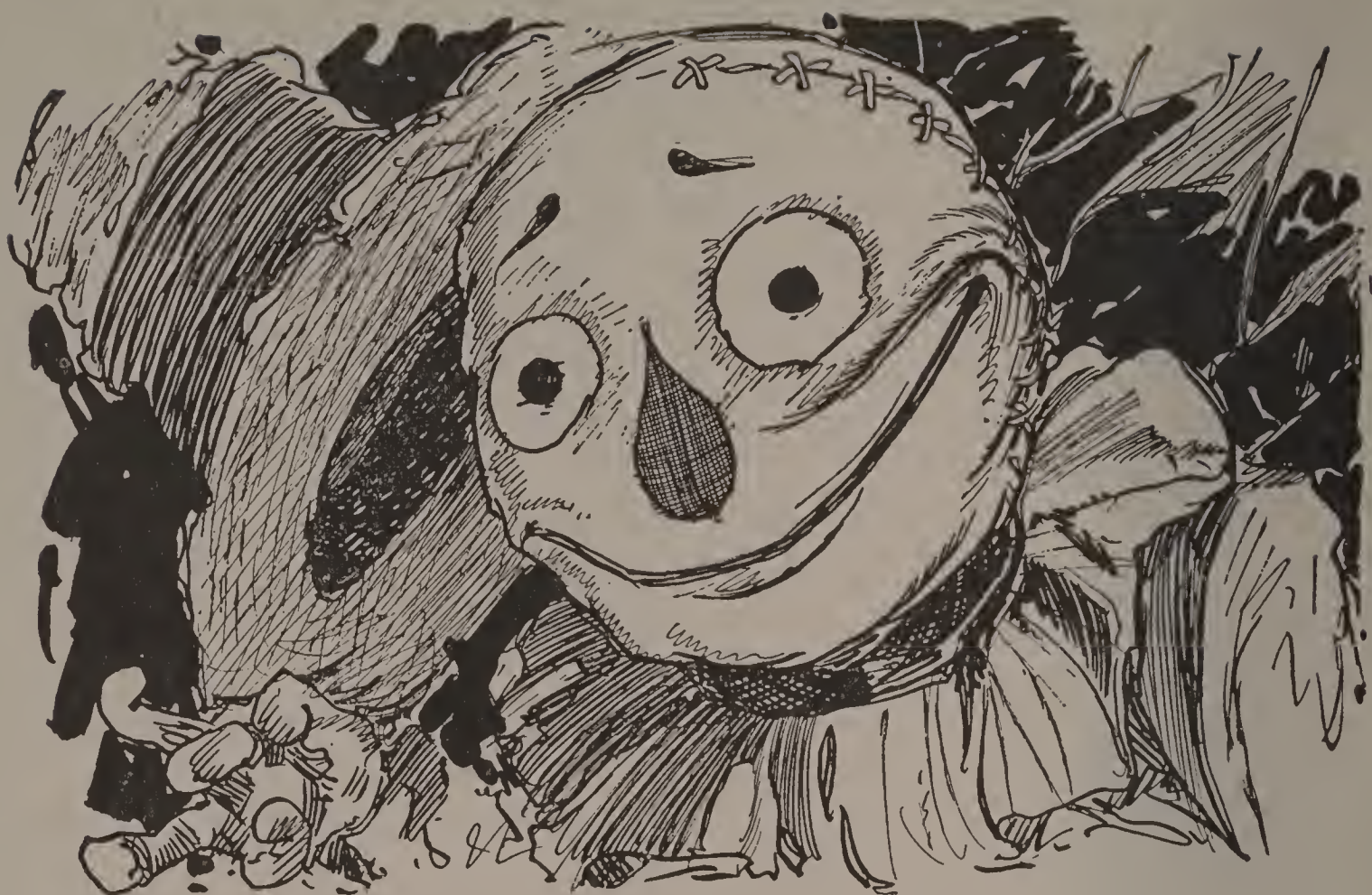
The bridal day arrived at last,
The wedding march was playing,
The preacher to the doll and jack
His touching words was saying
When suddenly the service stopped;
To end they were unable;
A boy came in and bought the jack
And snatched him off the table.

The Doll and the Jumping-Jack

And as the boy went out the door,
With joy his toy unwrapping,
The jumping-jack began to roar,
While arms and legs were flapping:

“Dolly, I love you as I’ve never loved before!
Dolly, I’m purchased, so you will never see me more!
Dolly, this separation deeply I deplore,
Not long will I jump
For this boyish chump—
For he’ll ruin your jumping-jack!”





THE SCARECROW'S STORY

My life, so far, has been so short that I really know nothing whatever. I was only made day before yesterday. What happened in the world before that time is all unknown to me. Luckily, when the farmer made my head, one of the first things he did was to paint my ears, so that I heard what was going on. There was another man with him, and the first thing I heard was the farmer saying,

“How do you like my Scarecrow’s ears?”

“They are n’t straight,” answered the other.

“Never mind,” said the farmer, “they are ears, just the same;” which was true enough.

“Now I’ll make the eyes,” said the farmer. So he painted my right eye, and as soon as it was finished I found myself looking at

The Scarecrow's Story

him and at everything around me with a great deal of curiosity, for this was my first glimpse of the world.

"That's a rather pretty eye," remarked the man who was watching the farmer; "blue paint is just the color for eyes."

"I think I'll make the other a little bigger," said the farmer; and when the second eye was done I could see much better than before. Then he made my nose and my mouth; but I did not speak, because at that time I did n't know what a mouth was for. I had the fun of watching them make my body and my arms and when they fastened on my head, at last, I felt very proud, for I thought I was just as good a man as anyone.

"This fellow will scare the crows, fast enough," said the farmer; "he looks just like a man."

"Why, he *is* a man," said the other, and I quite agreed with him. The farmer carried me under his arm to the cornfield, and set me up on a tall pole. He and his friend soon after walked away and left me alone.

I did not like to be deserted this way; so I tried to walk after them, but my feet would not touch the ground, and I was forced to stay on that pole. It was a lonely life to lead, for I had nothing to think of, having been made such a little while before. Many crows and other birds flew into the cornfield, but as soon as they saw me they flew away again, thinking I was the farmer; and this pleased me and made me feel I was quite an important person.

By and by an old crow flew near me, and after looking at me carefully he perched upon my shoulder and said:

"I wonder if that farmer thought to fool me in this clumsy manner. Any crow of sense could see that you are only stuffed with straw!"

Then he hopped down at my feet and ate all the corn he wanted. The other birds, seeing he was not harmed by me, came to eat the

The Scarecrow's Story

corn too, so in a short time there was a great flock of them about me.

I felt sad at this, for it showed I was not such a good Scarecrow after all; but the old crow comforted me, saying: "If only you had brains in your head, you would be as good a man as any of them, and a better man than some of them. Brains are the only things worth having in this world, no matter whether one is a crow or a man."

After the crows had gone I thought this over, and decided to try hard to get some brains. I realize at present that I'm only an imitation of a man, and I assure you it's a very uncomfortable feeling to know one is a fool. It seems to me that a body is only a machine for brains to direct, and those who have no brains themselves are liable to be directed by the brains of others.

But I may be wrong. I'm only a Scarecrow, you know.



MISTER DOODLE

Now once there was a funny man—
His name was Mister Doodle;
His hair was just as fuzzy as
The fur upon a poodle;
And whiskers grew upon his chin,
His eyes were bright and merry,
His form was lean and long and thin,
His face brown as a berry.

And Mister Doodle bought a nag
And it was old and boney;
But just because 'twas small in size
He called the nag a pony.
The beast could walk, and gallop, too,
And amble—rather queerly—
And Doodle rode upon its back
And loved the pony dearly.

Now Doodle lived in Lexington
And so they called him “Yankee.”
The pony they called “Rattlebones”
Because it was so lanky.
And yet the beast was very wise,
For Yankee Doodle taught him;
He knew so many tricks that folks
A circus pony thought him.

When Mister Doodle came to town
A riding on his pony,
He looked just like the dandies
People called the “macaroni.”

Mister Doodle

He'd make his pony upright stand
And waltz so very neatly
And make a bow so dignified
It won all hearts completely.

This pony shook hands with his friends
And sometimes wore a cap, sir;
And when his master asked him he'd
Lie down and take a nap, sir.
He'd jump a fence, or say his prayers,
Or roll completely over;
He had a stable nice and warm
And lots of oats and clover.

With children he was very kind
And loved to have them pet him,
So not a child who knew him could
In after years forget him.
They fed him apples by the peck
And blades of juicy grasses;
And just to pat his forehead was
Delight for lads and lasses.

I cannot say how long it was
This pony lived to frolic,
Or whether of old age he died
Or gout or mumps or colic;
But he became so famous that
All yankee folks agree
His deeds will live forever
In his country's history.

Mister Doodle

And Yankee Doodle's famous, too,
Because he owned the pony.
They made a song about him
And the nag that was his crony.
In his hat he wore a feather,
So thereafter—think of that!—
Each man of fame was said to have
A feather in his hat.

SANTA CLAUS' FIRST JOURNEY WITH THE REINDEER

When he was a young man Santa Claus—or Claus, as we shall call him, since he had not at that time been made a Saint—used to travel on foot through the villages and towns, distributing the toys from his sack to all the children he met. And when the sack was empty he would tramp back to his home in the Laughing Valley and there begin making a new lot of toys. But so much time was consumed on these journeys that he decided he must have a quicker way of conveyance, and asked two pretty deer named Glossie and Flossie, whom he met in the Valley, to assist him. This they promised to do; so Claus prepared a rude sledge, with a flat bottom, and made some harness out of thongs for the deer.

When his pretty toys were ready, and the great sack filled with them, Claus harnessed the deer to his rude sledge, and seating himself upon a low stool—for there was no seat—he placed the sack at his feet and gathered up the reins.

“All ready!” he shouted; “away we go!”

The deer leaned forward, lifted their slender limbs, and the next moment away flew the sledge over the frozen snow. The swiftness of the motion surprised Claus, for in a few strides they were across the Valley and gliding over the broad plain beyond.

The day had melted into evening by the time they started; for, swiftly as Claus had worked, many hours had been consumed in making his preparations. But the moon shone brightly to light their way and Claus soon decided it was just as pleasant to travel by night as by day.

The deer liked it better; for, although they wished to see something of the world, they were timid about meeting men, and now all the dwellers in the towns and farmhouses were sound asleep and could not see them.

Away and away they sped, on and on over the hills and through

Santa Claus' First Journey with the Reindeer

the valleys and across the plains until they reached a village where Claus had never been before.

Here he called on them to stop, and they immediately obeyed. But a new difficulty now presented itself, for the people had locked their doors when they went to bed, and Claus found he could not enter the houses to leave his toys.

"I am afraid, my friends, we have made our journey for nothing," said he, "for I shall be obliged to carry my playthings back home again without giving them to the children of this village."

"What's the matter?" asked Flossie.

"The doors are locked," answered Claus, "and I cannot get in."

Glossie looked around at the houses. The snow was quite deep in that village, and just before them was a roof only a few feet above the sledge. A broad chimney, which seemed to Glossie big enough to admit Claus, was at the peak of the roof.

"Why don't you climb down that chimney?" asked Glossie.

Claus looked at it. "That would be easy enough if I were on top of the roof," he answered.

"Then hold fast and we will take you there," said the deer, and they gave one bound to the roof and landed beside the big chimney.

"Good!" cried Claus, well pleased, and he slung the pack of toys over his shoulder and got into the chimney.

There was plenty of soot on the bricks, but he did not mind that, and by placing his hands and knees against the sides he crept downward until he reached the fireplace. Leaping lightly over the smouldering coals he found himself in a large sitting-room, where a dim light was burning. From this room two doorways led into smaller chambers. In one a woman lay asleep, with a baby beside her in a crib.

Claus laughed; but he did not laugh aloud for fear of waking the baby. Then he slipped a big doll from his pack and laid it in

Santa Claus' First Journey with the Reindeer

the crib. The little one smiled, as if it dreamed of the pretty plaything it was to find on the morrow, and Claus crept softly from the room and entered at another doorway.

Here were two boys, fast asleep with their arms around each other's neck. Claus gazed at them lovingly a moment and then placed upon the bed a drum, two horns and a wooden elephant. He did not linger, now that his work in this house was done, but climbed the chimney again and seated himself on his sledge.

"Can you find another chimney?" he asked the reindeer.

"Easily enough," replied Glossie and Flossie.

Down to the edge of the roof they raced and then, without pausing, leaped through the air to the next building, where a huge, old-fashioned chimney stood.

"Don't be so long, this time," called Flossie, "or we shall never get back to the Laughing Valley by daybreak."

Claus made a trip down this chimney also and found five children sleeping in the house, all of whom were quickly supplied with toys. When he returned the deer sprang to the next roof, but on descending the chimney Claus found no children there at all. That was not often the case in this village, however, so he lost less time than you might suppose in visiting the dreary homes where there were no little ones.

When he had climbed down the chimneys of all the houses in that village, and had left a toy for every sleeping child, Claus found that his great sack was not yet half emptied.

"Onward, friends!" he called to the deer; "we must seek another village."

So away they dashed, although it was long past midnight, and in a surprisingly short time they came to a large city, the largest Claus had ever visited since he began to make toys. But, nothing daunted by the throng of houses, he set to work at once and his

Santa Claus' First Journey with the Reindeer

beautiful steeds carried him rapidly from one roof to another, none of which were so high as to be beyond the leaps of the agile deer.

At last the supply of toys was exhausted and Claus seated himself in the sledge with the empty sack at his feet and turned the heads of Glossie and Flossie toward home.

"We must race for the Laughing Valley and make our best speed, or we'll not get home by daybreak," said the deer. "So hold fast, friend Claus!"

Claus held fast and next moment was flying so swiftly over the snow that he could not see the trees as they whirled past. Up hill and down dale, swift as an arrow shot from a bow they dashed, and Claus shut his eyes to keep the wind out of them and left the deer to find their own way.

It seemed to him they were plunging through space, but he was not at all afraid. Finally the sledge came to a stop so suddenly that Claus, who was taken unawares, tumbled from his seat head first into a snowdrift. But when he picked himself up he found he was just outside his own door, and day was just breaking in the East.

Claus thought that none of the children would know where the toys came from which they found by their bedsides when they wakened the following morning. But kindly deeds are sure to bring fame, and fame has many wings to carry its tidings into far lands; so for miles and miles in every direction people were talking of Claus and his wonderful gifts to children. The sweet generosity of his work caused a few selfish folk to sneer, but even those were forced to admit their respect for a man so gentle natured that he loved to devote his life to pleasing the helpless little ones of his race.

Therefore the inhabitants of every city and village had been eagerly watching the coming of Claus, and remarkable stories of

Santa Claus' First Journey with the Reindeer

his beautiful playthings were told the children to keep them patient and contented.

When, on the morning following the first trip of Claus with his deer, the little ones came running to their parents with the pretty toys they had found, and asked from whence they came, there was but one reply to the question.

"The good Claus must have been here, my darlings; for his are the only toys in all the world."

"But how did he get in?" asked the children.

At this the fathers shook their heads, being themselves unable to understand how Claus had gained admittance to their homes; but the mothers, watching the glad faces of their dear ones, whispered that the good Claus was no mortal man but assuredly a Saint, and they piously blessed his name for the happiness he had bestowed upon their children.

"A Saint," said one, with bowed head, "has no need to unlock doors if it pleases him to enter our homes."

And afterward, when a child was naughty or disobedient, its mother would say:

You must pray to the good Santa Claus for forgiveness. He does not like naughty children, and, unless you repent, he will bring you no more pretty toys."

But Santa Claus himself would not have approved this speech. He brought toys to the children because they were little and helpless, and because he loved them. He knew that the best of children are sometimes naughty, and that the naughty ones are often good. It is the way with children, the world over, and he would not have changed their natures had he possessed the power to do so.

And that is how our Claus became Santa Claus. It is possible for any man, by good deeds, to enshrine himself as a Saint in the hearts of the people.

WHERE DO THEY GO?

Where do the chickens go at night—

Heigh-ho! where do they go?

Under the breast of their mother they rest,

Finding her feathers a soft, fluffy nest;

And there's where the chicks go at night,

Heigh-ho!

There's where the chicks go at night.

Where does the kitten go at night—

Heigh-ho! where does it go?

Under the stove in the kitchen it goes

To cuddle up warm in a sweet repose,

And that's where our puss goes at night,

Heigh-ho!

There's where our puss goes at night.

Where does our little dog go at night—

Heigh-ho! where does he go?

Papa has made him a nice little bed

In a snug corner outside in the shed;

And that's where our dog goes at night,

Heigh-ho!

There's where our dog goes at night.

Where does our baby boy go at night—

Heigh-ho! where does he go?

Into his little white cradle he goes,

Covered up warm from his chin to his toes,

And that's where our boy goes at night,

Heigh-ho!

There's where our boy goes at night.

THE ANIMATION OF THE SAWHORSE

Tip was a boy who had been adopted as a baby by an old woman named Mombi, who was accused of being a witch. One day Tip carved a face on a pumpkin and built a man out of some pieces of wood, which he afterward dressed in an old suit of clothes. This dummy with the pumpkin head he set up in a path to try to frighten the old woman when she returned home. Mombi was not frightened, but seeing the queer dummy Tip had made she resolved to test a Magic Powder of Life and see if it would work on the pumpkinhead. The powder, which was in an old pepper-box, brought the creature to life, and that night, after the old woman was asleep, Tip took the pepper-box containing the Magic Powder of Life and ran away with Jack Pumpkinhead, so as to escape the power of the witch.

After a time they came to an old sawhorse which some woodcutters had left at the edge of a forest. The body of the sawhorse had been formed from a tree-trunk, and a branch had been left sticking out at one end that looked very much like a tail. In the other end were two big knots that resembled eyes, and a place had been chopped away that might easily be mistaken for a mouth. As for the legs, they were four straight limbs cut from trees and stuck fast into the body, being spread wide apart so the sawhorse would stand firmly when a log was laid across it to be sawed.

To the boy's imagination the thing looked so like a real horse that he believed if it were alive he and the pumpkinhead could both ride upon it. So he took from his pocket the pepper-box containing the Magic Powder of Life, and carefully sprinkled some over the body of the wooden horse.

Immediately the thing moved, stretched its legs, yawned with

The Animation of the Sawhorse

its chopped-out mouth, and shook a few grains of powder off its back. The rest of the powder seemed to have vanished into the body of the horse.

"Good!" cried Jack Pumpkinhead, while the boy looked on in



astonishment. "You are a very clever sorcerer, and the sawhorse is now just as much alive as I am."

As for the Sawhorse, he seemed even more astonished than Tip at finding himself alive. He rolled his knotty eyes from side

The Animation of the Sawhorse

to side, taking a first wondering view of the world in which he had now so important an existence. Then he tried to look at himself; but he had, indeed, no neck to turn; so that in the endeavor to see his body he kept circling round and round, without catching even a glimpse of it. His legs were stiff and awkward, for there were no knee-joints in them; so presently he bumped against Jack Pumpkinhead and sent that personage tumbling upon the moss that lined the roadside. Tip became alarmed at this accident, as well as the persistence of the Sawhorse in prancing around in a circle; so he called out:

“Whoa! Whoa, there!”

The Sawhorse paid no attention whatever to this command, and next instant brought one of his wooden legs down upon Tip’s foot so forcibly that the boy danced away in pain to a safer distance, yelling again and again: “Whoa! Whoa, I say!”

Jack had now managed to raise himself to a sitting position, and he looked at the Sawhorse with much interest.

“The thing has no ears, and can’t hear you,” he remarked.

“Sure enough!” exclaimed Tip, noting this fact for the first time. “How, then, am I going to stop him?”

But now the Sawhorse stopped himself, having concluded it was impossible to see his own body. He saw Tip, however, and came close to the boy to observe him more fully. It was really comical to see the creature walk, for it moved the legs on its right side together, and those on its left side together, as a pacing horse does, and that made its body rock sidewise, like a cradle.

Tip patted it upon the head and said “Good boy! Good boy!” in a coaxing tone, and the Sawhorse pranced away to examine with its bulging eyes the form of Jack Pumpkinhead.

“Why don’t you make him some ears?” asked Jack. “Then you could tell him what to do.”

The Animation of the Sawhorse

"That's a splendid idea!" said Tip. "How did you happen to think of it, Jack?"

"I did n't think of it," answered the Pumpkinhead. "Some of my seeds rubbed together and made me say it."

Tip took out his knife, and having whittled some ears out of the bark of a small tree he bored a couple of holes in the head of the Sawhorse, using his knifeblade for that purpose, and then stuck in the new ears.

"They make him look very handsome," said Jack, admiringly.

But those words, spoken close to the Sawhorse, and being the first sounds he had ever heard, so startled the animal that he made a bound forward and tumbled Tip on one side and Jack on the other. Then he continued to rush along as if frightened by the clatter of his own footsteps.

"Whoa!" shouted Tip, picking himself up; "whoa! you idiot—whoa!"

The Sawhorse would have paid no attention to this, but just then it stepped a leg into a gopher hole and stumbled head-over-heels to the ground, where it lay upon its back frantically waving its four legs in the air.

Tip ran up to it. "You're a nice sort of a horse, I must say!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you stop when I yelled 'whoa'?"

"Does 'whoa' mean to stop?" asked the Sawhorse, in a surprised voice, as it rolled its knot eyes upward to look at the boy.

"Of course it does," answered Tip.

"And a hole in the ground means to stop, also, does n't it?" continued the wooden horse.

"To be sure; unless you step over it," said Tip.

"What a strange place this is!" the creature remarked, in amazement. "What am I doing here, anyway?"

The Animation of the Sawhorse

"Why, I've brought you to life," answered the boy; "but it won't hurt you any, if you mind me, and do as I tell you."

"Then I will do as you tell me," replied the Sawhorse, humbly. "But what happened to me, a moment ago? I don't seem to be just right, some way."



"You're upside down," exclaimed Tip. "But if you will keep those legs still for a minute I'll set you right side up again."

"How many sides have I?" asked the creature, wonderingly.

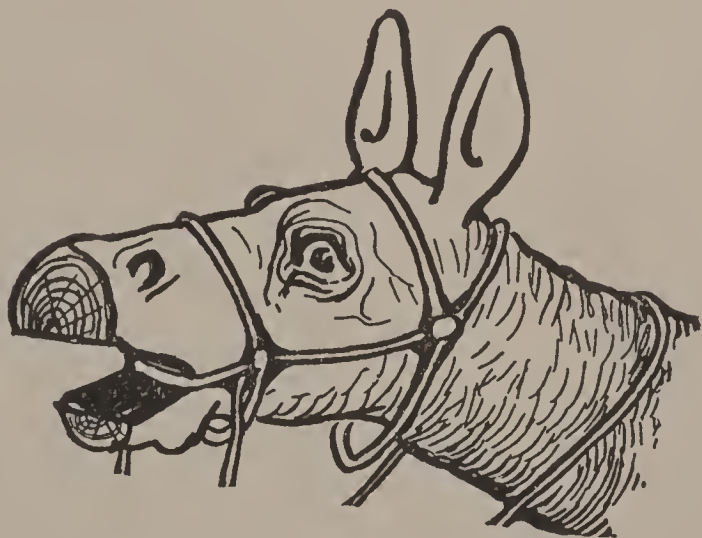
"Several," said Tip. "Now try to keep those legs still, if you can."

The Animation of the Sawhorse

The Sawhorse became quiet, and held its legs rigid, so Tip, after several efforts, was able to roll him over and set him upright.

"Ah, I seem all right now," said the queer horse, with a sigh of relief.

"One of your ears is broken, but I'll whittle another," remarked Tip, looking him over. "If you are careful of yourself, I believe you'll get along all right in the world. As a rule it's only the careless ones that get hurt, or those who won't mind when they're told something for their own good."



TIRED LITTLE FEET

The world is full of weariness for tired little feet
That tramp around the livelong day and rare adventures meet;
They toddle here and toddle there without a thought of rest
And not a single step they spare, so busy is their quest.

And yet there comes an hour, as the day draws to its close,
When even little twinkling feet are longing for repose;
So now to mamma's warm embrace the truants quickly fly
And cuddle close to hear her sing a dreamy lullaby:

“Rest on my bosom, baby dear,
Let me sooth you now to sleep;
Though the world be cold and drear
Mamma's love a watch will keep:
Tired baby!
Snuggle close and do not start;
Find a refuge o'er my heart;
Now the Merry Sand-Man's near
With his bag of dreams so queer,
Tired baby!”

Though little folk grow restless and at morn forsake the nest
To rush away and romp and play with merry laugh and jest,
The mother only smiles and waits the coming of the time
When baby comes a-toddling back, upon her knee to climb.

For even fluffy birdlings seek at night a shelt'ring wing,
And all the fuzzy rabbits to the mamma rabbit cling;
The chickens seek a feathered nook, the piggies seek their sty,
To listen while a mamma croons a gentle lullaby:

Tired Little Feet

“Just one place for tired toddlers,
Just one place for peace and rest;
There is not another haven
So secure as mamma’s breast—

Tired baby!”

There the Sand-Man seals all eyelids
Till his dreamland is revealed,
For the lullabies of mammas
All the power of magic wield—
Tired baby!



THE KING OF THIEVES

Prince Marvel, riding slowly through the Isle of Yew in search of adventure, suddenly noted two high walls that rose on either side of his path. The narrow way led him to a level plat of ground where grass and trees were growing. It was not a very big place, and surely it was the end of the path, for all around stood bare walls so high that neither horse nor man could climb them. In the side of the rock wall facing the entrance was a hollow like the mouth of a cave, across which was placed an iron gate. Above the doorway a sign was painted in red letters upon the grey stone, and Prince Marvel read the following words: "The Treasure House of Wul-Takim, King of Thieves.—Keep Out."

Our prince laughed on reading this, and getting down from his saddle he advanced to the iron gate and peered through its heavy bars.

"I have never heard of Wul-Takim," said he; "but thieves are bad people, and since Wul-Takim is King of Thieves he must be by far the worst man on this island."

Then he saw, through the bars of the gate, that a great cavern lay beyond, in which were stacks of treasure of all sorts: rich cloths, golden dishes and ornaments, gemmed coronets and bracelets, cleverly forged armor, shields and battle-axes. Also there were casks and bales of merchandise of every sort. The gate appeared to have no lock, so Prince Marvel opened it and walked boldly in. Then he perceived the form of a boy perched on the very top of a pyramid of casks. And at the foot of the pyramid, many swords and knives were planted in the earth, with their sharp blades pointing upward. So the boy was a safe prisoner,

The King of Thieves

since to fall from the pile of casks meant to be impaled on the sharp blades.

"Ah," said the boy, seeing Prince Marvel, "why were you so reckless as to enter this cave?"

"Was it reckless?" asked the prince, smiling up at the prisoner.

"Yes. It is the stronghold of the robber king, and when you opened that gate you caused a bell to ring far down on the hill-side. So the thieves are now warned that an enemy is in their cave, and will soon be here to make you a prisoner, even as I am."

"That is a clever contrivance," laughed the prince. "But having been warned in time I shall not be so foolish as to be caught in their trap."

With this he half drew his sword, but thinking that robbers were not worthy to be slain with its untarnished steel he pushed it back into the jeweled scabbard and picked up a stout oaken staff that lay upon the ground. Then he ran from the cave and placed himself just beside the narrow opening that led into this rock-encompassed place. For this was the only way anyone could enter, and the robbers must come along the same path he had himself traversed.

Soon they were heard stumbling on at a rapid pace, crying to one another to make haste and catch the intruder. The first that came through the opening received such a blow upon the head from the oak staff of Prince Marvel, that he fell upon the ground and lay still. And the next and next were treated in like manner and tumbled beside their comrade.

It was evident the thieves had not expected so sturdy an enemy, for they continued to rush through the opening and to fall beneath the steady blows of the prince's staff until everyone of them lay senseless before the victor. At first they had piled themselves upon one another very neatly; but the pile got so high at last that

The King of Thieves

the prince was obliged to assist the last thieves to leap to the top of the heap before they completely lost their senses.

I have no doubt our prince was fully as much astonished at his deed of valor as were the robbers themselves. Throwing down his staff he rushed back into the cave, and stepping between the sword points at the foot of the heap of casks, he held out his arms to the boy and said: "Jump!" The boy obediently jumped, and Marvel caught him neatly in his arms and set him safely upon his feet.

"Now," said he, "help me to carry out this coil of rope."

Together they brought the rope out into the open, where Prince Marvel cut lengths from the coil with his sword and bound the limbs of each robber securely. Within a half hour he had laid out a row of thieves extending half way across the grassy plain, and on counting their number, he found he had captured fifty-nine of them.

This task being accomplished and the robbers rendered helpless, the victor turned to the boy and asked:

"What is the proper fate for such men?"

"Thieves are always hanged," answered the boy.

"Well, there are trees handy," remarked the prince, for although he disliked such severity, he was resolved to do his duty. "So let us get to work and hang them as soon as possible."

Soon they had placed a rope around the neck of each thief and were ready to dangle them all from the limbs of the trees. But at this juncture the robbers began to regain consciousness, and Wul-Takim, the big, red-bearded king of the thieves, sat up and asked: "Who is our conqueror?"

"Prince Marvel," answered the boy.

"And what army assisted him?" enquired Wul-Takim, curiously gazing upon the young prince.

The King of Thieves

"He conquered you single-handed, and alone," said the boy.

Hearing this the big king began to weep bitterly, and the tears ran down his face in such a stream that Prince Marvel ordered the boy to wipe them away with a handkerchief, as the thief's hands were tied behind his back.

"To think!" sobbed Wul-Takim, miserably, "only to think that after all my terrible deeds and untold wickedness, I should have been captured by a mere boy! Oh, boo-hoo! boo-hoo! boo-hoo! It is a terrible disgrace!"

"You will not have to bear it long," said the prince, soothingly. "I am going to hang you in a few minutes."

"Thanks you! Thank you very much!" answered the king, ceasing to weep. "I have always expected to be hanged some day, and I am glad no one but you two boys will witness my plight when my feet begin kicking about."

"I shall not kick," declared another of the thieves, who had also regained his senses. "I shall sing while I am being hanged."

"But you cannot, my good Gunder," protested the king; "for the rope will cut off your breath, and no man can sing without breath."

"Then I shall whistle," said Gunder, composedly.

The king cast him a look of reproach, and turning to Prince Marvel he said:

"It will be a great task to string up so many thieves. You look tired. Permit me to assist you to hang the others, and then I will climb into a tree and hang myself from a strong branch, with as little bother as possible."

"Oh, I won't think of troubling you," exclaimed Marvel, with a laugh. "Having conquered you alone I feel it my duty to hang you without assistance, save that of this boy."

"It is no trouble; but suit your own convenience," said the

The King of Thieves

chief, carelessly. Then he cast his eye toward the cave and asked: "What will you do with all our treasure?"

"Give it to the poor," said Prince Marvel, promptly.

"What poor?"

"Oh, the poorest people I can find."

The king of thieves thought upon this for a moment in silence; then he politely asked: "Will you permit me to advise you in this matter?"

"Yes, indeed. I am a stranger in this island, and your advice may be useful," returned the prince.

"Well, sir, I know a band of people so poor that they have no possessions whatever—neither food to eat, houses to live in, nor any clothing but that upon their bodies. They can call no man friend, nor will any lift a hand to help them. Indeed, good sir, I believe they will soon perish miserably unless you come to their assistance!"

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Prince Marvel, with ready sympathy; "tell me who they are, and I will divide amongst them all of your ill-gotten gains that litter the cave."

"They are ourselves," replied the king of thieves, with an humble sigh.

Marvel looked at him in amazement, and then burst into joyous laughter.

"Yourselves!" he cried, greatly amused.

"Yes, indeed," said Wul-Takim, sadly. "There are no poorer people in all the world, for we have ropes about our necks and are soon to be hanged. All our possessions are now yours. Tomorrow we shall not have even our flesh left, for the crows will pick our bones."

"That is true," agreed Marvel, thoughtfully. "But, if I restore to you the treasure, how will it benefit you, since you are about to die?"

The King of Thieves

"Must you really hang us?" asked the thief.

"Yes; I have decreed it, and you deserve your fate."

"Why?" asked the thief.

"Because you have wickedly taken from helpless people their property, and committed many other crimes besides."

"But I have reformed," cried Wul-Takim. "We have all reformed—have we not, brothers?"

"We have!" answered the other thieves, who, having regained their senses, were listening to this conversation with much interest.

"If you return to us our treasure, we promise never to steal again, but to remain honest men and enjoy our wealth in peace," declared the king.

"Honest men could not enjoy treasure that has been stolen," objected the prince.

"True, sir; but this treasure is now yours, having been won by you in fair battle. And if you present it to us it will no longer be stolen property, but a generous gift from a mighty prince, which we may enjoy with clear consciences."

"There still remains the fact that I have promised to hang you," suggested Prince Marvel with a smile, for the clever argument of the thief amused him greatly.

"Not at all! Not at all!" cried Wul-Takim. "You promised to hang fifty-nine thieves, and there is no doubt but fifty-nine thieves deserve to be hung. But, consider! We have all reformed our ways and become honest men; so it would be a sad and ungracious act to hang fifty-nine honest men!"

"What think you, friend?" asked the prince, turning to the boy he had rescued.

"Why, the rogue seems to speak truth," said the lad, scratching his head with a puzzled air; "yet, if he speaks truth, there is little

The King of Thieves

difference between a rogue and an honest man. Ask him, my master, what caused them all to reform so suddenly."

"Because we were about to die, and we thought it a good way to save our lives," replied the robber king, at once.

"That is an honest answer, anyway," said the boy. "Perhaps, sir, they have really reformed."

"And if so, I will not have the death of fifty-nine honest men on my conscience," declared the prince. Then he turned to Wul-Takim and added: "I will release you and give you the treasure, as you request, but you must from this time forth strive to do good. If ever I hear of your robbing again I promise to return and hang every one of you!"

"Never fear," answered Wul-Takim, joyfully. "It is hard work to steal, and dangerous. Moreover, we are now so rich it is no longer necessary to steal. As for doing good, we live much alone; but we will try very hard to do good to ourselves."

The prince then unbound the fifty-nine honest men, and took the ropes from their necks. At once the former king of thieves ran and rubbed away the sign over the door of the treasure cave, and then he painted a new sign, reading as follows: "WUL-TAKIM, KING OF HONEST MEN—His Pleasure House—Walk In!"

"That is better!" laughed the prince.

"Do you think, sir, we can trust these men?" asked the boy, doubtfully.

"Why not?" replied Marvel. "They have been exceedingly wicked, it is true, but they are now intent upon being exceedingly good. In this we ought to encourage them. For, if we mistrust all who have ever been guilty of an evil action, our trust will go a-begging, and leave us the poorer for it."

He then mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the good wishes of the fifty-nine honest men.

WHO'S AFRAID?

Who's afraid?

Ev'ry giant now is dead—
Jack has cut off ev'ry head!

Ev'ry goblin, known of old,
Perished years ago, I'm told.

Ev'ry witch, on broomstick riding,
Has been ducked or is in hiding.

Ev'ry dragon, seeking gore,
Died an age ago—or more.

Ev'ry horrid Bogie Man
Lives in far-off Yucatan.

Burglars dare not venture near
When they know that papa's here.

Lions now you only see
Caged in the menagerie.

And the grizzly bear can't hug
When he's made into a rug—

Who's afraid?

THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF MO.

The Land of Mo is often spoken of by travellers as "The Beautiful Valley," but no one has told us exactly where it is located. If they would only put it on the maps of our geographies and paint it pink or light green, and print a big round dot where the King's castle stands, it would be easy enough to point out to you its exact location. But I can not find the Valley of Mo in any geography I have examined; so I suspect the men who made these instructive books really knew nothing about Mo, else it would surely be on the maps.

Of one thing I am certain: that no other country included in the maps is so altogether delightful as the Beautiful Valley of Mo.

The sun shines all the time, and its rays are perfumed. The people who live in the Valley do not sleep, because there is no night. Everything they can possibly need grows on the trees, so they have no use for money at all, and that saves them a deal of worry.

There are no poor people in this quaint Valley. When a person desires a new hat he waits until one is ripe, and then picks it and wears it without asking anybody's permission. If a lady wishes a new ring, she examines carefully those upon the ring-tree, and when she finds one that fits her finger, she picks it and wears it upon her hand. Boots and shoes are obtained the same way: they merely wait until a pair grows the right size to fit their feet and then pick them. In this way, they procure all they desire.

There are two rivers in Mo, one of which flows milk of a very rich quality. Some of the islands in Milk River are made of ex-

The Beautiful Valley of Mo

cellent cheese, and the people are welcome to spade up this cheese whenever they wish to eat it. In the little pools near the bank, where the current does not flow swiftly, delicious cream rises to the top of the milk, and instead of water-lilies, great strawberry leaves grow upon the surface, and the ripe, red berries lie dipping their noses into the cream, as if inviting you to come and eat them. The sand that forms the river bank is pure white sugar, and all kinds of candies and bonbons grow thick upon the low bushes, so that anyone may pluck them easily.

These are only a few of the remarkable things that exist in the Beautiful Valley. The people are merry, light-hearted folk, who live in beautiful houses of pure crystal, where they can rest themselves and play their games and go in when it rains. For it rains in Mo, as it does everywhere else, only it rains lemonade; and the lightning in the sky resembles the most beautiful fireworks; and the thunder is usually a chorus from the opera of Tannhauser.

No one ever dies in this Valley, and the people are always young and beautiful. There is a king, and a queen—and several princes and princesses. But it is not much use being a prince in Mo, because the king cannot die; therefore a prince is a prince to the end of his days, and his days never end.

PETER POLITE

One Day Peter Bun, who was white with a black
Spot on the left one of his ears, and young Jack
Went out for a lunch in a meadow of clover,
To nibble a bunch as they roamed the fields over.

They hadn't gone far on their trip when they saw
Two plump guinea-pigs, who were eating a raw
Turnip root, with their napkins tucked under their chins,
Their mouths full of 'nip and their cheeks full of grins.

"That looks rather good," said Pete the polite;
"To give us a bite would be no more than right."
"Go 'way!" cried the guineas, "we dare you to nab it,
The turnip is ours, you greedy young rabbit!"

"That sounds," said bold Jack, "like an insult, to me,
And shows you've a lack of good breeding, I see.
Your claim to this feed is not worth two guineas,
So fight for your right, you fat little ninnies!"

"Oh, brother!" cried Peter, "pray do not be rude;
I'm sure they're entitled to all of this food;
So leave them in peace." But Jack longed to fight
And the meek guinea-pigs still clung to their right.

They each got a cuff from the soft paw of Jack,
And couldn't endure this terrific attack;
So they both ran away with Jack in hot chase
Forgetting the turnip, the cause of the race.

Peter Polite

Said Pete the Polite "The food is now mine.
Politeness has won me this dinner so fine.
If I had been angry, as Jack was," said Pete,
"I still would be searching for something to eat."

When Jack had returned from his long foolish run
He found he had lost what his brother had won.
The turnip was gone, and Pete the Polite
Was lying asleep with a grin of delight.

JOHNNY DOOIT

Dorothy had come to the edge of the Deadly Sandy Desert that separates all the rest of the world from the fairy Land of Oz, which she was anxious to reach. With her was the Shaggy Man, who owned a love magnet that made everybody love him, and a stupid little boy called Button-Bright, and beautiful Polychrome, who was the daughter of the Rainbow. And Dorothy's little dog, Toto, was with her, too.

"Really," said Dorothy, "we must find some way to cross this desert to the Land of Oz. But that is hard to do, for if any of the sand touches our bodies it will melt us away to nothing, and that will be the end of us."

"In that case," replied the Shaggy Man, "we must not let the sand touch us."

"Can you think of any way?" asked Dorothy.

"I have a powerful friend, who might be able to help us. I think he would come to our assistance if I summoned him."

"Who is your friend?" asked Button-Bright.

"Johnny Dooit," said the Shaggy Man.

"What can Johnny do?"

"Anything."

"Then ask him to come!" exclaimed Dorothy, eagerly.

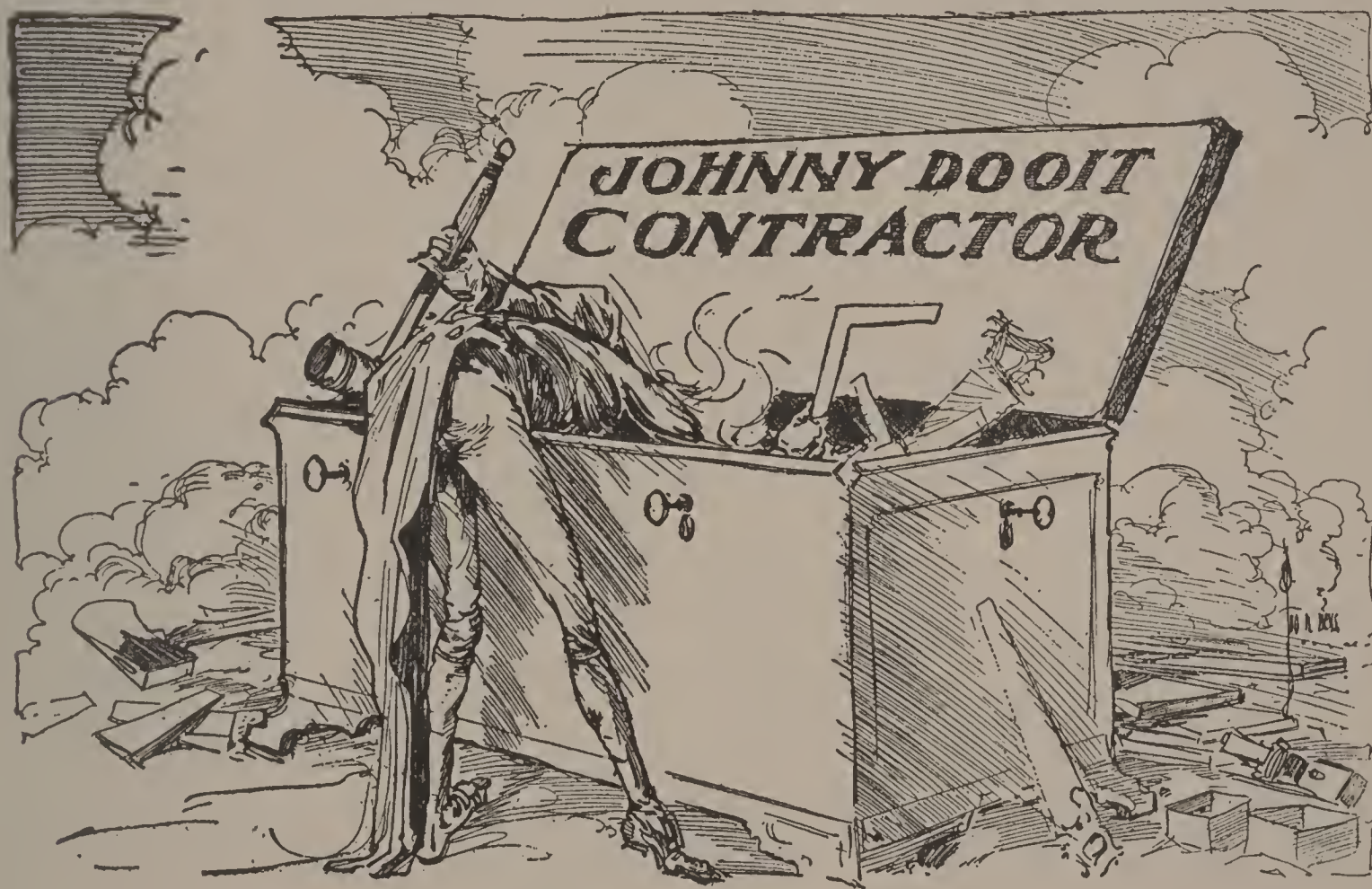
The Shaggy Man took the Love Magnet from his pocket, and holding it in the palm of his hand he looked at it steadily and said these words:

*"Dear Johnny Dooit, come to me!
I need you bad as bad can be."*

"Well, here I am," said a cheery little voice; "but you shouldn't say you need me 'bad,' 'cause I'm always, *always* good."

Johnny Dooit

They all turned quickly around to find a funny little man sitting on a big copper chest and puffing smoke from a long pipe. His hair was gray, his whiskers were gray; and these whiskers were so long that he had wound the ends of them around his waist and tied them in a hard knot underneath the leather apron that reached from his chin nearly to his feet, and which was soiled and scratched as if it had been used a long time. His nose was broad, and stuck up a little; but his eyes were twinkling and



merry. The little man's hands and arms were as hard and tough as the leather of his apron, and Dorothy thought Johnny Dooit looked as if he had done a lot of hard work in his lifetime.

"Good morning, Johnny," said the Shaggy Man. "Thank you for coming to me so quickly."

"I never waste time," said the newcomer, promptly. "What can I do for you?"

Johnny Dooit

"We can't find a way to cross this desert, which turns all living flesh that touches it into dust," explained the Shaggy Man. "So I have asked you to come here that you may help us."

Johnny Dooit puffed his pipe and looked carefully at the dreadful desert in front of them—stretching so far away they could not see its end.

"You must ride!" he said, briskly.

"What in?" asked the Shaggy Man.

"In a sand-boat, which has runners like a sled and sails like a ship. The wind will blow you swiftly across the desert and the sand cannot touch your flesh to turn it into dust."

"Good!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands delightedly.

"But where is the sand-boat?" asked the Shaggy Man, looking all around him.

"I'll make you one," said Johnny Dooit.

As he spoke he knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in his pocket. Then he unlocked the copper chest and lifted the lid and Dorothy saw it was full of shining tools of all sorts and shapes.

Johnny Dooit moved quickly now—so quickly that they were astonished at the amount of work he was able to accomplish. He had in his chest a tool for everything he wanted to do, and these must have been magic tools because they did their work so fast and so well.

The man hummed a little song as he worked, and Dorothy tried to listen to it. She thought the words were something like these:

*"The only way to do a thing
Is do it when you can,
And do it cheerfully, and sing
And work and think and plan."*

Johnny Dooit

*The only real unhappy one
Is he who dares to shirk;
The only really happy one
Is he who cares to work."*

Whatever Johnny Dooit was singing he was certainly doing things, and they all stood by and watched him in amazement.

He seized an axe and in a couple of chops felled a tree. Next



he took a saw and in a few minutes sawed the tree-trunk into broad long boards. He then nailed the boards together into the shape of a boat, about twelve feet long and four feet wide. He cut from another tree a long, slender pole which, when trimmed of its branches and fastened upright in the center of the boat, served as a mast. From the chest he drew a coil of rope and a big bundle of canvas, and with these—still humming his song—he

Johnny Dooit

rigged up a sail, arranging it so it could be raised or lowered upon the mast.

Dorothy fairly gasped with wonder to see the thing grow so speedily before her eyes, and both Button-Bright and Polychrome looked on with the same absorbed interest.

"It ought to be painted," said Johnny Dooit, tossing his tools back into the chest, "for then it would look prettier. But though I can paint it in three seconds it would take an hour to dry, and that is a useless waste of time."

"We don't care how it looks, if only it will take us across the desert," said the Shaggy Man.

"It will do that," declared Johnny Dooit. "All you need worry about is tipping over. Did you ever sail a ship?"

"I've seen one sailed," said the Shaggy Man.

"Good. Sail this boat the way you've seen a ship sailed, and you'll be across the sand before you know it."

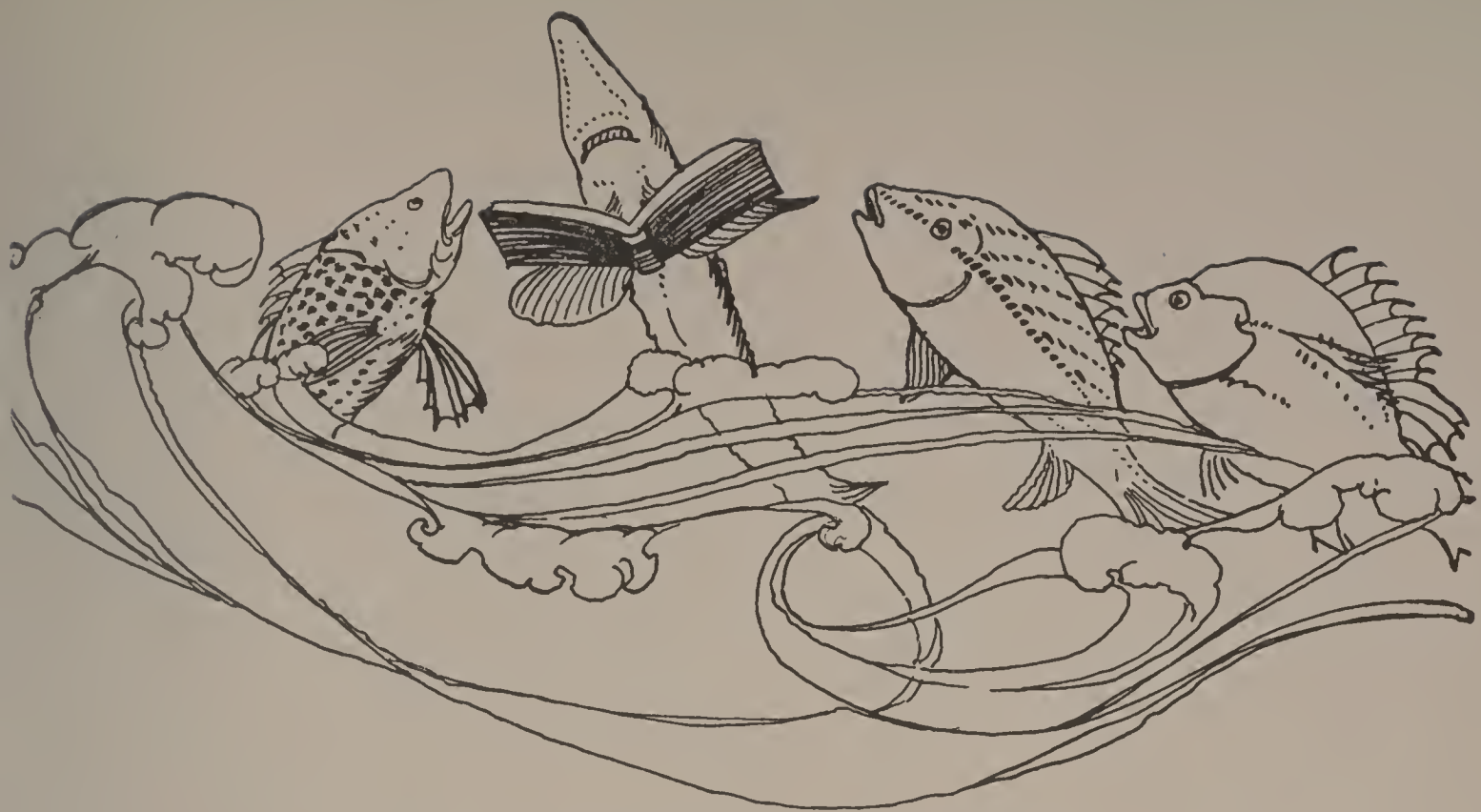
With this he slammed down the lid of the chest, and the noise made them all wink. While they were winking the workman disappeared, tools and all.

"Oh, that's too bad!" cried Dorothy. "I wanted to thank Johnny Dooit for his kindness to us."

"He has no time to listen to thanks," returned the Shaggy Man; "but I'm sure he knows we are grateful."

"Where is he now?" asked Button-Bright.

"I suppose," said the Shaggy One, "he is already at work in some other part of the world."



THE GREEDY GOLDFISH

Within the sparkling water
Of a pretty crystal dish
There lived and swam together
Three tiny golden fish
Whose lives were quite as happy
As any fish could wish.

No cat could ever harm them,
So high their mansion stood,
And mamma kept the water fresh
And gave them for their food
All of those little dainties
That fishes think so good.

Yet two were thin and delicate
While one was big and strong
Because he ate the food that to
The others did belong
Before they could get to it—
'Twas surely very wrong!

The Greedy Goldfish

The little fishes grumbled
At such a naughty trick,
And when the food was thrown them
They tried their share to pick
But scarcely got a nibble
The big one was so quick.

And so, one rainy morning
When mamma was away
And little Jack was wond'ring
What he might do today,
He stood beside the gold-fish
And watched them at their play.

He'd just been playing "doctor"
With mamma's box of pills;
He'd saved the cook from fever,
He'd cured the nurse of chills,
And now he'd save the fishes
From all their dreadful ills.

"Dose tunnin' 'ittle fisses,"
He said, "seems *awful* bad!
An' dis de bestest med'cin'
'At mamma ever had.
I dress I'll div' 'em one dose—
Dey looks so very sad!"

So down into the water
He softly dropped a pill,
And that big, greedy goldfish
With open mouth and gill
Swallowed it as if, indeed,
He really were ill.

The Greedy Goldfish

But very soon this fish felt
 An awful pain inside;
“This serves me right for eating
 So greedily!” he cried.
Then he turned upon his back
 And flopped his tail, and died.

The other little fishes,
 Since he has gone away,
Are growing fine and big and fat
 As in the dish they play.
For Jack has never “doctored”
 Since that one rainy day.

THE ROYAL DRAGON OF SPOR

Now, it so happened that Prince Marvel and his esquire, a youth named Nerle, fell into the power of Terribus, the fearful King of Spor, who cast about for a way to speedily destroy his prisoners. He had them brought into the great room of his castle, where many of his subjects were assembled, and then sent for the Keepers of the Royal Menageries.

Soon three men entered the room and bowed low before King Terribus. They were of the Gray Men of the Mountains, and the glance of their eyes was as cold as the glint of an icicle.

"Bring hither the Royal Dragon," cried the King, "and let him consume these strangers before my very eyes!"

The Gray Men withdrew, and presently was heard a distant shouting, followed by a low, rumbling sound, with groans, snorts, roars and a hissing like steam from the spout of a teakettle.

The noise and shouting drew nearer, while the people huddled together like frightened sheep; and then suddenly the doors flew open and the Royal Dragon advanced to the center of the great hall.

This creature was at once the pride and terror of the Kingdom of Spor. It was more than thirty feet in length and covered everywhere with large green scales set with diamonds, making the dragon, when it moved, a very glittering spectacle. Its eyes were as big as pieplates, and its mouth—when wide opened—fully as large as a bath-tub. Its tail was very long and ended in a golden ball, such as you see on the tops of flag-staffs. Its legs, which were as thick as those of an elephant, had scales which were set with rubies and emeralds. It had two monstrous big ears and two horns of carved ivory, and its teeth, also, were carved into various fantastic shapes—such as castles, horses' heads, china-

The Royal Dragon of Spor

men and griffins—so that if any of them chanced to break off it would make an excellent umbrella handle.

The Royal Dragon of Spor came crawling rather clumsily into the throne-room, groaning and moaning with every step and waving its ears like two blankets flying from a clothes-line.

The king looked on it and frowned.

“Why are you not breathing fire and brimstone?” he demanded, angrily.

“I was caught out in a gale the other night,” answered the dragon, rubbing the back of its ear with its left front paw, and then pausing to look at the king, “and the wind put out my fire.”

“Why was it not lighted again?” asked the king, turning his terrible gaze upon the keepers.

“We—we were out of matches, your Majesty!” stammered the trembling Gray Men.

“So—ho!” yelled the king, and was about to order the keepers beheaded. But just then Nerle pulled out his match-box, lit one of the matches, and held it in front of the dragon’s mouth. Instantly the creature’s breath caught fire and it began to breathe flames a yard in length.

“That’s better,” sighed the dragon, contentedly. “I hope your Majesty is now satisfied.”

“No; I am not satisfied!” declared the king. “Why do you not lash your tail?”

“Ah, I can’t do that,” replied the dragon. “It’s all stiffened up with rheumatism from the dampness of my cave. It hurts too much to lash it.”

“Well, then, gnash your teeth!” commanded the king.

“Tut, tut!” answered the dragon, mildly; “I can’t do that, either; for since you had them carved so beautifully, it makes my teeth ache to gnash them.”

The Royal Dragon of Spor

"Well, then, what are you good for?" cried the king, in a fury.

"Don't I look awful? Am I not terrible to gaze on?" inquired the dragon, proudly, as it breathed out red and yellow flames and made them curl in circles around its horns. "There's little need for me to suggest terror to anyone that happens to see me," it added, winking one of the pie-plate eyes at King Terribus.

The king looked at the monster critically, and it really seemed to him the dragon was a frightful thing to behold. So he curbed his anger and said in his ordinary tone of voice: "I have called you here to destroy these two strangers."

"How?" asked the dragon, looking upon Prince Marvel and Nerle with interest.

"I am not particular," answered the king. "You may consume them with your fiery breath, or smash them with your tail, or grind them to atoms between your teeth, or tear them to pieces with your claws. Only, do hurry up and get it over with!"

"Hm-m-m!" said the dragon, thoughtfully, as if it did not relish the job; "this tall one isn't St. George, is it?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the king, irritably; "it's Prince Marvel. Do get to work as soon as possible."

"Prince Marvel?" repeated the dragon; "why, I never heard of him, and I'm pretty well posted on the history of royal families. I'm afraid he's St. George in disguise."

"Is not your name Prince Marvel?" demanded the king, turning to the boyish looking stranger.

"It is," answered Marvel.

"Well, it's mighty strange I never heard of you," persisted the dragon. "But tell me, please, how would you prefer to be killed?"

"Oh, I'm not going to be killed at all!" replied the prince, laughing.

The Royal Dragon of Spor

"Do you hear that, Terribus?" asked the dragon, turning to the king; "he says he isn't going to be killed."

"But I say he is!" cried Terribus. "I have decreed his death!"

"Do you suppose I'm going to kill a man against his will?" inquired the dragon in a reproachful voice; "and such a small man, too! Do you take me for a common assassin—a murderer?"

"Do you intend to obey my orders?" roared the king.

"No, I don't; and that's flat!" returned the dragon, sharply. "It's time for me to take my cough medicine; so if you've nothing more to say I'll go back to my cave."

"Go, go, go!" shrieked the king, stamping his foot in passion. "You've outlived your usefulness! You're a coward! You're a traitor! You're a-a-a—"

"I'm a dragon and a gentleman!" answered the monster, proudly, as the king paused for lack of a word; "and I believe I know what's proper for dragons to do and what isn't. I've learned wisdom from my father, who got into trouble with St. George, and I'm not going to fight any strangers."

With this speech he winked at Prince Marvel, turned soberly around and crawled from the room. One of the keepers got too near and the dragon's breath set fire to his robe, the flames being with difficulty extinguished; and the gold ball on the end of the monster's tail struck a courtier upon his shins and made him dance and howl in pain. But, aside from these slight accidents, the dragon managed to leave the hall without undue confusion, and everyone, including the king, seemed glad to be rid of him.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING WIN.

I

Life's problem most perplexing—
 Troubles here and worries there—
Yet if you've a task that's vexing
 Don't give way to vain despair.
Keep your courage, face the battle,
 Grit your teeth and then begin!
Never list to warning prattle—
 "Nothing venture, nothing win!"

II

Though your fate seems to oppose you,
 Making all your struggles vain,
Don't forget that fortune owes you
 Strength and nerve the fight to gain.
Stake your all with heart confiding;
 Never heed the foemen's din;
Chance defeat, your luck deciding—
 "Nothing venture, nothing win!"

III

Courage, audacity, vim and vivacity,
 Boldness and daring are kin;
Venture all fearlessly, smiling and tearlessly—
 You will be certain to win!

HOW THE FIRST STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY

On a certain Christmas Eve, long years ago, little Margot, with her brother Dick, and her cousins Ned and Sara, who were visiting at Margot's house, all came trooping indoor from making a snow man. Their clothes were damp, their mittens dripping, and their shoes and stockings wet through and through.

The children were not scolded, for Margot's mother knew the snow was melting; but they were all sent early to bed that their clothes might be hung over chairs to dry. The shoes were placed on the red tiles of the hearth, where the heat from the hot embers would strike them, and the stockings were carefully hung in a row by the chimney, directly over the fireplace.

That was the reason Santa Claus noticed them when he came down the chimney that night and all the household was fast asleep. He was in a tremendous hurry, and seeing the stockings all belonged to children, he quickly stuffed the toys into them and dashed up the chimney again, appearing on the roof so suddenly, that the reindeer were astonished at his agility.

"I wish they would all hang up their stockings," he thought, as he drove to the next chimney. "It would save me a lot of time, and I could then visit more children before daybreak."

When Margot and Dock and Ned and Sara jumped out of bed next morning and ran downstairs to get their stockings from the fireplace, they were filled with delight to find the toys from Santa Claus inside them. In fact, I think they found more presents in their stockings than any other children of that city had received, for Santa Claus was in a hurry and did not stop to count the toys.

Of course they told all their little friends about it, and of

How the First Stockings were Hung by the Chimney

course every one of them decided to hang his own stockings by the fireplace next Christmas Eve. On the next trip Santa Claus found so many stockings hung up in anticipation of his visit that he could fill them in a jiffy and be away again in half the time required to hunt the children up and place the toys by their bedsides.

The custom grew year after year, and has always been a great help to Santa Claus. And, with so many children to visit, he surely needs all the help we are able to give him.

NAUGHTY BOY!

Baby pulled the pussy's tail—

Naughty boy!

Pussy gave a painful wail;

Struggled hard without avail;

Still the baby pulled her tail—

Naughty boy!

Pussy raised her little paw—

Angry cat!

Gave the baby's face a claw!

Scratched his cheek 'till it was raw—

'Awf'lest scratch you ever saw—

Think of that!

THE HEAD OF THE KING

One day the King of Mo became annoyed by the Purple Dragon, which came down from the mountains and ate up a patch of his Majesty's best chocolate caramels, just as they were getting ripe. So the king went out to the sword tree and picked a long, sharp sword, and tied it to his belt and went away to fight the Purple Dragon.

The people applauded this act, saying one to another: "Our good King will destroy the naughty Purple Dragon, and we shall be able to eat the caramels ourselves."

But the Dragon was not alone naughty; it was big and fierce and strong, and did not want to be destroyed at all. Therefore, the King had a terrible fight with the Purple Dragon, and cut it with his sword in several places, so that the raspberry juice which ran in its veins squirted all over the ground. It is always difficult to kill dragons, which are by nature thick-skinned and tough; so all the King's cutting and slashing only made the monster angry. Forgetful of the respect due to a crowned king, the wicked Dragon presently opened wide its jaws and bit his Majesty's head clean off from his body, and swallowed it.

Of course the King realized it was useless to continue the fight after that, for he could not see where the Dragon was. So he turned and tried to find his way back to his people. But at every other step he would bump into a tree, which made the naughty Dragon laugh at him. Nor could he tell in which direction he was going which is an unpleasant feeling under any circumstances.

Finally some of the people came to see if the King had destroyed the Purple Dragon, and found their monarch running around in a circle, bumping into trees and rocks, but not getting

The Head of the King

a step nearer home. So they took his hand and led him back to the palace, where everyone was filled with sorrow at the sad sight of the headless King.

"Never mind," said his Majesty, "I can get along very well without a head; and, as a matter of fact, the loss has its advantages. I shall not be obliged to brush my hair, or clean my teeth, or wash my ears. So do not grieve, I beg of you, but be joyful and happy as you were before." Which showed the King had a good heart; and, after all, a good heart is better than a head, any day.

The people, hearing him speak out of the top of his neck (for he had no mouth), immediately began to laugh, which soon led to their being as happy as ever.

But the Queen was not contented. "My love," she said to him, "I cannot kiss you any more, and that will break my heart."

Thereupon the King sent word throughout the Valley that anyone who could procure for him a new head should wed one of the royal princesses. As the princesses were lovely and charming girls a young man soon made a very nice head out of candy and brought it to the King. It did not look exactly like the old head, but the face was very sweet, so the King put it on and the Queen kissed it at once with much satisfaction. The young man had put a pair of glass eyes in the head, with which the King could see very well after he got used to them.

According to the royal promise, the young man was given his pick of the beautiful princesses, and they were married amid great rejoicing.

But, a few days afterward, the King was caught out in a rain-storm, and before he could get home his new head had melted in the great shower of lemonade that fell, only the glass eyes were left, and these he put in his pocket and went sorrowfully to tell the Queen of his new misfortune.

The Head of the King

Then another young man who wanted to marry a princess made the King a head out of dough, sticking in the glass eyes; and the King tried it on and found that it fitted very well. So the young man was given another of the princesses in marriage.

But the following day the sun chanced to shine extremely hot, and when the King walked out it baked his dough head into bread, at which the monarch felt rather light-headed. And when the birds saw the bread they flew down from the trees, perched upon the King's shoulder, and quickly ate up his new head. All but the glass eyes.

Again the good King was forced to go home to the Queen without a head, and the lady firmly declared that this time her husband must have a head warranted to last at least as long as the honeymoon of the young man who made it; which was not at all unreasonable, under the circumstances.

So all loyal subjects were requested to strive to find a head for their monarch that would be neat and substantial. And meantime the King had a rather hard time of it. When he wished to go any place he was obliged to hold out in front of him, between his thumb and fingers, the glass eyes, that they might guide his footsteps. This made His Majesty look rather undignified, as you may imagine, and dignity is very precious to every royal personage.

At last a wood-chopper in the mountains made a head out of wood and sent it to the King. It was neatly carved, besides being solid and durable; moreover, it fitted the monarch's neck to a T. So the king rummaged in his pocket and found the glass eyes, and when these were put in the new head the King announced his satisfaction. There was only one drawback—he couldn't smile, as the wooden face was too stiff; and it was funny to hear his Majesty laughing heartily while his face maintained a solemn expression. But the glass eyes twinkled merrily, and everyone knew

The Head of the King

he was the same kindhearted monarch of old, although he had now become rather hard-headed.

Then the King sent word to the wood-chopper to come to the palace and take his pick of the remaining princesses. But on his way the wood-chopper passed near the dwelling of the Purple Dragon, and stopped to speak with the monster.

Now it seems that when the Dragon had swallowed the King's head, the unusual meal made the beast ill. The sharp points of the King's crown, which was firmly fastened to the head, pricked the Dragon's stomach and made him miserable. After a few days of suffering the Dragon disgorged the head, and not knowing what else to do with it locked it up in a cupboard and put the key in its pocket.

When the beast learned from the wood-chopper that the man had made a new head for the king, it became so angry that it made a sudden movement and bit off the wood-chopper's head. Being warned by experience, however, the Dragon did not swallow it, but placed it in the cupboard. Then a wicked idea took possession of the naughty Dragon. It took the King's head from a shelf and glued it on the wood-chopper's neck.

"Now," said the monster, with a cruel laugh, "you are the King! Go home and claim your wife and your kingdom!"

The poor wood-chopper was much amazed, for at first he did not really know which he was—the King or the wood-chopper. He looked in the mirror and, seeing the King, made a low bow. Then the King's head thought: "Who am I bowing to? There is no one greater than the King!" And so at once there began a conflict between the wood-chopper's heart and the King's head.

The Dragon was mightily pleased, and having pushed the man out of its castle sent him on his way to the court. But as he neared the town the people ran out and said: "Here is the King. All hail, your Majesty!"

The Head of the King

"All nonsense!" returned the wood-chopper. "I am only a poor man with the King's head on my shoulders. You can easily see it is n't mine, for it's crooked; the Dragon did n't glue it on straight."

"Where, then, is your own head?" they asked.

"Locked up in the Dragon's cupboard," replied the poor fellow, beginning to weep.

"Here!" cried the King's head; "stop this. You must n't cry out of my eyes! The King never weeps."

"I beg pardon, your Majesty," said the wood-chopper, meekly; "I'll not do it again."

"Well, see that you don't" returned the head, more cheerfully.

The people were greatly amazed at this, and took the wood-chopper to the palace, where all was soon explained. When the Queen saw the King's head she immediately kissed it; but the King rebuked her, saying she must kiss only him.

"But it is your head," said the poor Queen.

"Probably it is," replied the King, but it is on another man. You must confine yourself to kissing my wooden head."

"But why don't you trade heads?" she asked.

"Just the thing!" cried the King, and, the wood-chopper consenting, the exchange was made, and the Monarch of the Mo found himself in possession of his own head again. He was so greatly pleased that he laughed long and merrily; but the wood-chopper did not even smile. He could n't because of the wooden face. The head he had made for the King he was now compelled to wear himself.

"Bring hither the princesses," commanded the King. "This good man shall choose his bride at once, for he has restored to me my own head."

But when the princesses came they one and all refused to marry

The Head of the King

a wooden-headed man, and the King was in a quandary because he had passed his royal word. He really could not blame his daughters for not wanting to marry a blockhead, and after giving the matter deep thought he decided to go again to the Purple Dragon and force it to give up the wood-chopper's own head.

So all the fighting men of the kingdom were got together, and having picked ripe swords off the sword-trees they marched in a great body to the Dragon's castle. The beast at once realized that if it tried to fight such a great army it might be cut to pieces; so it retired within the castle and refused to come out.

The wood-chopper was a brave man. "I'll go in and fight the Dragon alone!" he said; and in he went. By this time the Dragon was both frightened and angry, and the moment it saw the man it rushed forward and made a snap at his head.

The wooden head came off at once, and the Dragon's long, sharp teeth got stuck in the wood and would not come out again; so the monster was unable to do anything but flop its tail and groan.

The wood-chopper now ran to the cupboard, took out his head, and placed it upon his shoulders where it belonged. Then he proudly walked out of the castle and was greeted with loud shouts by the army, which carried him back in triumph to the King's palace. And now that he wore his own head again one of the prettiest of the young princesses willingly agreed to marry him; so the wedding ceremony was performed amid great rejoicing.

A BROKEN WINDOW

A little kit
On end did sit
To watch for mouse or sparrow;
A little boy
Played with a toy
Known as a bow and arrow.

Intent on game
Near puss he came
And slyly raised his weapon,
Then drew the bow,
The string let go
And wondered what would happen.

The little cat
No longer sat
In dreamy contemplation;
The arrow sped
Straight for her head—
And caused a sharp sensation.

Roused from her dream
Puss gave a scream
And swift from danger fled;
She was n't slain—
A window pane
Was smashed and gashed instead.

IN CHINALAND

The story I am about to relate may not be believed, because it is an adventure in a fairy country, and such adventures can never be proved. The adventurers were four in number. One was a girl named Dorothy; another a live Scarecrow who was stuffed with straw but was noted for his wisdom; the third was a man made out of tin, who was a woodsman and always carried an axe. The fourth member of the party was a huge lion who looked very terrible but was as kind and gentle as a child.

While wandering through an unknown part of Oz these four suddenly found in front of them a high wall which barred their further progress. The wall seemed made of white china. It was smooth, like the surface of a dish, and higher than their heads.

The Tin Woodman decided to make a ladder which would enable them to climb over this wall. So he set to work with his axe, chopping down some small trees, and soon had the ladder completed and placed against the wall. The Scarecrow climbed up first, but he was so awkward that Dorothy had to follow close behind and keep him from falling off. When he got his head over the top of the wall the Scarecrow said: "Oh, my!"

"Go on!" exclaimed Dorothy. So the Scarecrow climbed further up and sat down on the top of the wall, and Dorothy put her head over and cried "Oh, my!" just as the Scarecrow had done. The Lion climbed the ladder next, and the Tin Woodman came last; but both of them cried "Oh, my!" as soon as they looked over the wall.

When they were all sitting in a row on the top of the wall they looked down and saw a strange sight. Before them was a great stretch of country having a floor as smooth and shining and white

In Chinaland

as the bottom of a big platter. Scattered around were many houses made entirely of china and painted in the brightest colors. These houses were quite small, the biggest of them reaching only as high as Dorothy's waist. There were also pretty little barns, with china fences around them, and many cows and sheep and horses and pigs and chickens, all made of china, were standing about in groups.

But the strangest of all were the people who lived in this queer country. There were milk-maids and shepherdesses, with bright colored bodices and golden spots all over their gowns; and princesses with most gorgeous frocks of silver and gold and purple; and shepherds dressed in knee-breeches with pink and yellow and blue stripes down them, and golden buckles on their shoes; and princes with jeweled crowns upon their heads, wearing ermine robes and satiny doublets; and funny clowns in ruffled gowns, with round red spots upon their cheeks and tall, pointed caps. And, strangest of all, these people were all made out of china, even to their clothes, and were so small that the tallest of them was no higher than Dorothy's knee.

None of the china people seemed to notice the travelers at first, except one little purple china dog with an extra large head, which came to the wall and barked at them in a tiny voice, afterward running away again.

"How shall we get down?" asked Dorothy.

Finding they could not pull up the ladder, because it was so heavy, the Scarecrow fell off the wall, and the others jumped down upon him, so that the hard floor would not hurt their feet. When all were safely landed they picked up the Scarecrow, whose body was quite flattened out, and patted his straw into shape again.

"We must cross this strange place in order to get to the other side," said Dorothy. So they began walking through the country of the china people, and the first thing they came to was a china

In Chinaland

milk-maid milking a china cow. As they drew near the cow suddenly gave a kick and kicked over the stool, the pail, and even the milk-maid herself, all falling on the china ground with a great clatter.

Dorothy was shocked to see the cow had broken her leg off, and that the pail was lying in several small pieces, while the poor milk-maid had a nick in her left elbow.

"There!" cried the milk-maid, angrily; "see what you have done! My cow has broken her leg, and I must take her to the mender's shop and have it glued on again. What do you mean by coming here to frighten my cow?"

"We're awfully sorry," returned Dorothy. "Please forgive us."

"But the pretty milk-maid was much too vexed to make any answer. She picked up the leg and with a sulky air led her cow away, the poor animal limping on three legs. As she left them the milk-maid cast many reproachful glances over her shoulder at the clumsy strangers, holding her nicked elbow close to her side.

Dorothy was quite grieved at this mishap.

"We must be very careful here," said the kind-hearted tin man, "or we may injure these pretty little people so seriously that they will never get over it."

They had taken but a few steps before they met a princess, young and most beautifully dressed, who stopped short as she beheld the strangers and started to run away. Dorothy wanted to see more of the princess, so she ran after her; but the china girl cried out: "Don't chase me! For goodness' sake don't chase me!"

She had such a frightened little voice that Dorothy stopped and said: "Why not?"

"Because," answered the princess, also stopping, but at a safe distance away, "if I run I may fall down and break myself."

"But could n't you be mended?" asked the girl.

In Chinaland

"Oh, yes; but one is never so pretty after being mended, you know," replied the princess.

"I suppose not," said Dorothy.

"For example," continued the china lady, "here comes Mr. Joker, one of our clowns, who is always trying to stand upon his head. He has broken himself so often that he is mended in a hundred places, and does n't look at all pretty."

Dorothy and her companions turned to look at the clown, a jolly little fellow who came boldly walking toward them, and Dorothy noticed that in spite of his clothes of green and yellow and red he was completely covered with cracks, running every which way and proving plainly he was mended in many places.

The clown put his hands in his pockets, and after puffing out his cheeks and nodding his head at Dorothy saucily, he said:

*"My lady fair,
Why do you stare
At poor old Mr. Joker?
You're quite as stiff
And prim as if
Your backbone was a poker!"*

"Be quiet, sir!" said the princess. "Can't you see these are strangers, and so should be treated with great respect?"

"Well, I suspect they expect no respect," declared the clown, and immediately stood upon his head.

"Don't mind Mr. Joker," said the princess to Dorothy; "he is considerably cracked in his head, and that makes him foolish."

"Oh, I don't mind him a bit," said Dorothy. "But *you* are so beautiful," she continued, "that I am sure I could love you dearly. Won't you let me carry you back to Kansas and stand you on Auntie's mantel-shelf? I could carry you in my basket, easily."

In Chinaland

"That would make me very unhappy," answered the china princess. "You see, here in our own country we live contentedly, and can talk and move around as we please, but whenever any of us are taken away our joints at once stiffen, and we can only stand straight and look pretty. Of course that is all that is expected of us when we are on mantle-shelves and cabinets and drawing-room tables, but our lives are much pleasanter here in our own country."

"I would not make you unhappy for the world," exclaimed Dorothy; "so I'll just say good-bye, my dear."

"Good-bye," replied the princess.

They walked carefully through the china country. The little animals and all the people scampered out of their way, perhaps fearing the strangers would break them, and before long the travelers reached the other side of Chinaland and came to a second china wall, which they managed to climb over.



DAN'L

When Dan'l takes his fiddle down
And deftly tunes the strings
And rubs the rosin on his bow,
The sound around him brings
A score of village children,
Who know the fun begins
When Dan'l takes his fiddle down
And deftly tunes the strings.

When Dan'l gets his fiddle tuned
He plays a lively air,
Whereat his many listeners
Most solemnly declare
There's not a fiddler in the land
That with him can compare—
When Dan'l gets his fiddle tuned
And plays a lively air.

When Dan'l hangs his fiddle up
His listeners are grieved;
Regretful sighs betray how much
Of pleasure they're bereaved.
Indeed, unless you'd heard him play
You'd never have believed
When Dan'l hangs his fiddle up
How much his friends are grieved!

“WART-ON-THE-NOSE”

It was while the live gingerbread man, whose name was John Dough, was visiting the kinglet of the Isle of Phreex, that an incident occurred which greatly astonished him.

The little kinglet was nothing more than a spoilt child, and his people had little regard for him, although they feared his power. He was holding a reception one day in his great throne room, with John Dough upon one side of him and a sweet, sad-faced girl on the other. This girl was the Lady Executioner of the realm, and bore a sharp, gleaming sword; but she had never executed anyone because the kinglet would always forgive the offender before the time came for him to die.

During the reception a great noise of quarreling and fighting was suddenly heard proceeding from the ante-room, and while all eyes turned toward the sound of strife a wooden Indian sprang into the great hall, waving a wooden tomahawk over his head and uttering terrible war-whoops. Following him came a number of policemen trying to capture the Indian. They were dreadfully blundering and awkward, and one of them got in the way of the tomahawk and received a crack on the head from it, while another was kicked on the shin by the Indian so violently that he howled louder than his prisoner. They struggled almost to the throne of the kinglet before the policemen were finally able to throw a rope around the Indian's arms and bind them fast to his body. Only then did he cease to struggle.

“What's the trouble?” asked the kinglet.

“Sire,” said the Indian, proudly, “once I had the honor to be a beautiful sign in front of a cigar store, and now these miserable minions dare insult me.”

"Wart-On-The-Nose"

"He claims his name is Wart-on-the-Nose," answered a policeman, "and anyone can see plainly there is no wart on his nose at all."

"So we decided to arrest him," added another officer.

"And he dared to resist," said a third.

"I am a great Chief," the Indian declared, scowling fiercely.



"I am made of oak, and my paint is the best ready-mixed that can be purchased."

"But why do you claim your name is Wart-on-the-Nose?" asked kinglet.

"I have a right to call myself what I please," answered the Indian, sulkily. "Are not white girls called Rose and Violet when

“Wart-On-The-Nose”

they have not that color? John Brown was white, and Mary Green was white. If the white people deceive us about their names, I also have a right to deceive.

“Now, by my halidome!” cried the kinglet, angrily, “I will allow no one in my kingdom to tell an untruth—except myself. There being no wart on your nose, you must die the death! Executioner, do your duty!”



The policeman tripped up the Indian so that he fell upon his face, and then the girl advanced solemnly with her sword. Three times she swung the glittering blade around her head, and then she glanced at the kinglet and said: “Well?”

“Well, what?” asked his Majesty.

“Is n’t it time to change your mind?” she inquired.

“I’m not going to change my mind in this case,” said the kinglet. “Chop off his head!”

At this the girl screamed and drew back.

“Wart-On-The-Nose”

“Do you really mean it?” she gasped.

“Of course,” was the answer.

“Oh, your Majesty, I could n’t hurt the poor thing!” sobbed the Executioner. “It would be simply awful! *Please* change your mind, as you have always done before!” “I won’t,” said the kinglet sternly. “You do as I tell you, Lady Maria Simpson, or I’ll have *you* executed next!”

The girl hesitated. Then she took the sword in both her hands, shut her eyes, and struck downward with all her might. The blade fell upon the Indian’s neck and shivered into several pieces.

“He’s wood, your Majesty,” said the Executioner. “I simply *can’t* cut his head off.”

“Get a meat cleaver!” cried the kinglet. “Do you suppose I’ll allow Wart-on-the-Nose to live when he has n’t any wart on his nose? Get a cleaver instantly!”

So the girl brought a big meat cleaver, and lifting it high in the air struck the Indian’s neck as hard as she could. The cleaver stuck fast in the wood, but it didn’t cut far enough to do much harm to the victim. Indeed, Wart-on-the-Nose even laughed, and then he said:

“There’s a knot in the neck—a good oak knot. You could n’t chop off my head in a thousand years!”

The kinglet was much annoyed. “Pull out that cleaver!” he commanded.

The girl tried to obey, but the cleaver stuck fast. Then the police tried, one after another; but it would not budge.

“Never mind; leave it there,” said the Indian, rolling over and then getting upon his feet. “It won’t bother me in the least. In fact, it will make a curious ornament.”

“Look here, Sir John Dough,” said the kinglet, turning to the gingerbread man; “what am I going to do? I’ve said the Indian

“Wart-On-The-Nose”

must die, because he has no wart on his nose. And I find I can't kill him. Now, you must tell me how to get out of this scrape, or I'll cut *your* head off. And it won't be as hard to cut gingerbread as it is wood, I promise you!”

This speech naturally frightened John, who knew he was in great danger. But after thinking a moment he replied:



“Why, it seems to me you may very easily get out of the difficulty, your Majesty. The Indian's only offense is that he has no wart on his nose.”

“But that is a great offense!” cried the kinglet, angrily.

“Well, let us whittle a wart on his nose,” said John, “and then all will be well.”

“Wart-On-The-Nose”

The kinglet looked at him in astonishment.

“Can that be done?” he asked.

“Certainly, your Majesty. It is only necessary to carve away some of the wood of his nose, which is somewhat too big anyway, and leave a wart.”

“I’ll do it!” shouted the kinglet, in great delight.

He sent at once for the royal carpenter, and had the man whittle the Indian’s nose until a beautiful wart showed plainly at the very end.

“Good!” said the kinglet.

“Good!” echoed the Indian, proudly. “Now none of these miserable police dares say my name is not suitable.”

“I’m sorry about that cleaver,” remarked the kinglet. “You’ll have to carry it around wherever you go.”

“That’s all right. I’ll add to my name and call myself Wart-on-the-Nose and Cleaver-in-the-Neck. That will be a fine Indian name, and no one can prove it is not correct.”

Saying this, the wooden Indian bowed to the kinglet, gave a furious war-whoop and stalked stiffly from the room.

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS

Tired faces brighten
When the whistle blows;
Dull eyes quickly lighten,
For the workman knows
Now his tedious work is done,
Day is at its close,
And the daily wage is won
When the whistle blows.

Homeward thoughts are turning
When the whistle blows,
Hearts for loved one's yearning
And the sweet repose
Surely won in labor's mart;
So the workman goes
To his home with joyous heart
When the whistle blows.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD AND THE SCARECROW KING

Of course you all know what a scarecrow is, but Jack Pumpkinhead—who was made of wood and wore a pumpkin with a carved face for a head—had never seen such a creation. So he was quite surprised when he reached the Emerald City and met for the first time this remarkable king.

His Majesty the Scarecrow was dressed in a suit of faded blue clothes, and his head was merely a small sack stuffed with straw, upon which eyes, ears, a nose and a mouth had been rudely painted to represent a face. The clothes were also stuffed with straw, and that so unevenly or carelessly that his Majesty's legs and arms seemed more bumpy than was necessary. Upon his hands were gloves with long fingers, and these were padded with cotton. Wisps of straw stuck out from the monarch's coat and also from his neck and boot tops. Upon his head he wore a heavy golden crown set thick with sparkling jewels, and the weight of this crown caused his brow to sag in wrinkles, giving a thoughtful expression to the painted face. Indeed, the crown alone betokened majesty; in all else the Scarecrow King was but a simple scarecrow—flimsy, awkward and unsubstantial.

But if the strange appearance of his Majesty startled Jack, no less wonderful was the form of the Pumpkinhead to the Scarecrow. The purple trousers and pink waist-coat and red shirt hung loosely over his wooden joints, and the carved face on the pumpkin grinned perpetually, as if its wearer considered life the jolliest thing imaginable.

The King was the first to speak. After regarding Jack for some minutes he said, in a tone of wonder:

“Where on earth did you come from, and how do you happen to be alive?”

Jack Pumpkinhead and the Scarecrow King

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," returned the Pumpkinhead; "but I do not understand you."

"What don't you understand?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Why, I don't understand your language. You see, I came from the Country of the Gillikins, so I am a foreigner."

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "I myself speak



the language of the Munchkins, which is also the language of the Emerald City. But you, I suppose, speak the language of the Pumpkinheads?"

"Exactly so, your Majesty," replied the other, bowing; "so it will be impossible for us to understand one another."

Jack Pumpkinhead and the Scarecrow King

"That is unfortunate, certainly," said the Scarecrow, thoughtfully. "We must have an interpreter."

"What is an interpreter?" asked Jack.

"A person who understands both my language and your own. When I say anything, the interpreter can tell you what I mean; and when you say anything the interpreter can tell me what *you* mean. For the interpreter can speak both languages, as well as understand them."

"That is certainly clever," said Jack, greatly pleased at finding so simple a way out of the apparent difficulty.

So the Scarecrow commanded his attendants to search among his people until one was found who understood the language of the Gillikins as well as the language of the Emerald City, and to bring that person to him at once.

While they were waiting his Majesty asked: "Won't you take a seat, sir?"

"You forgot that I cannot understand you," replied the Pumpkinhead. "If you wish me to sit down you must make a sign for me to do so."

At this the Scarecrow came down from his throne and gave Jack a sudden push that sent him sprawling upon the cushions of a chair in so awkward a fashion that he doubled up like a jack-knife and had hard work to untangle himself.

"Did you understand that sign?" asked his Majesty, politely.

"Perfectly," declared Jack, reaching up his arms to turn his head to the front, the pumpkin having twisted around upon the stick that supported it.

"You seem hastily made," remarked the Scarecrow, watching Jack's efforts to straighten himself.

Not more so than your Majesty," was the frank reply.

At this moment an attendant entered leading a young girl by

Jack Pumpkinhead and the Scarecrow King

the hand. She seemed sweet and modest, having a pretty face and beautiful green eyes and hair. She was dressed all in green silk, the costume being embroidered with silver thread.

"Ah, here is little Jellia Jamb," exclaimed the Scarecrow, as the green maiden bowed prettily before him. "Tell me, my dear, do you understand the language of the Gillikins?"

"I do, your Majesty," she replied; "for I was born in the North Country."

"Then you shall be our interpreter," said the Scarecrow. "I want you to explain to this Pumpkinhead all that I say, in his own language, and also explain to me all that he says, in my language. Is this arrangement satisfactory?" he asked, turning toward Jack.

"Very satisfactory, indeed," was the reply.

"Then ask him, to begin with," resumed the Scarecrow, turning to Jellia, "what has brought him to the Emerald City."

But instead of asking this question the girl, who had been staring wonderingly at Jack, said to him: "You are certainly a wonderful creature! What brought you to life?"

"A magic powder," answered Jack.

"What does he say?" inquired the Scarecrow. "My ears must have deceived me. What did he say?"

"He says your Majesty's brains must have come loose," replied the girl, demurely.

The Scarecrow moved uneasily upon his throne, and felt of his head with his left hand.

"What a fine thing it is to understand two different languages," he said, with a perplexed sigh. "Ask him, my dear, if he has any objection to being put in jail for insulting the Ruler of the Emerald City."

"I did n't insult you!" protested Jack, indignantly.

Jack Pumpkinhead and the Scarecrow King

"Tut-tut!" cautioned the Scarecrow; "wait until the girl translates my speech. What have we an interpreter for, if you break out in this rash way?"

"All right; I'll wait," said the Pumpkinhead, in an annoyed tone, although his carved face still smiled genially. "Translate the speech, young woman."

"His Majesty inquires if you are hungry," said the girl.

"Oh, not at all," answered Jack, more pleasantly, "for it is impossible for me to eat."

"It's the same way with me," remarked the Scarecrow. "What did he say, Jellia, my dear?"

"He declares that one of your eyes is painted larger than the other," said Jellia, with a mischievous smile.

"Don't you believe her, your Majesty!" cried Jack.

"Oh, I don't," answered the Scarecrow, calmly. Then, casting a sharp look at the girl interpreter, he asked: "Are you certain you understand the languages of both the Gillikins and the Munchkins?"

"Quite certain, your Majesty," replied Jellia Jamb, trying hard not to laugh in the face of royalty.

"Then how is it that I seem to understand them myself?" inquired the Scarecrow.

"Because they are one and the same!" declared the girl, laughing merrily. "Does not your Majesty know that in all the Land of Oz but one language is spoken?"

"If that is so," said the Scarecrow, both relieved and humbled at the discovery, "I might have been my own interpreter."

"It was my fault, your Majesty," murmured Jack, looking rather foolish. "I thought we must surely speak different languages, since we came from different countries."

"This should be a warning to you never to think," returned

Jack Pumpkinhead and the Scarecrow King

the Scarecrow, severely. "For unless one can think wisely, it is a dangerous occupation. The best thing for a dummy is to say only what he knows, and never to risk thinking under any circumstances."

"True," agreed Jack. "But it is so hard for one to realize he is only a dummy!"



THE TRAMP

A tramp is coming up the road;
 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!
A small red bundle is his load;
 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!
He's dressed in rags, his step is free,
He whistles very merrily,
His face is soiled—a sight to see!—
 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

Up the hill and down again;
 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!
By the meadow, through the lane;
 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!
Begs his food from door to door,
Eats between meals and before;
Sleeps at night upon the floor—
 Poor old tramp!



THE EMPEROR'S TIN CASTLE

The Emperor of the Winkies was a man made all of tin, with his legs and arms and head neatly jointed on to his tin body. He had a tin heart and tin brains and was kind and gentle to all he met.

The Winkies, over whom he ruled, were the best tin-smiths in the world, and could make anything out of tin that their Emperor desired; so it was but natural that he ordered them to build for him a splendid tin castle.

When Dorothy came to visit this castle, accompanied by the Wizard of Oz and some other friends, she was greatly impressed by its beauty. The grounds were laid out in pretty flower beds, with tin fountains spouting streams of crystal water and statues of tin representing the Emperor's personal friends. Dorothy was astonished and delighted to find a tin statue of herself standing on a tin pedestal at a bend in the avenue leading up to the entrance.

The Emperor's Tin Castle

The Tin Man came to greet them and on the way to the castle he took pleasure in showing them his beautiful grounds. The walks were all paved with sheets of tin, brightly polished, and while the flowers were mostly natural flowers and grew in the regular way, there was one bed of tin flowers that was the Emperor's especial pride.

"You see, all common flowers fade and die," he explained, "and so there are seasons when the pretty blooms are scarce. Therefore I have had made one tin flower-bed all of tin flowers, and my workmen created them with rare skill. Here you see tin camelias, tin marigolds, tin carnations, tin poppies and tin hollyhocks growing as naturally as it is possible for tin flowers to grow."

Dorothy looked at them and thought they made a very pretty show, as they glistened under the rays of the sun like spun silver.

"Isn't this tin hollyhock going to seed?" asked the Wizard, bending over the flowers.

"I believe it is," replied the Emperor of the Winkies; "but I shall plant the tin seeds and raise another bed of tin hollyhocks."

In one corner of the gardens the Tin Man had established a tin fish-pond, in which they saw swimming and disporting themselves many pretty tin fishes.

"Would they bite on hooks?" some one asked. But the Emperor seemed hurt at the question.

"Do you suppose," said he, "I would allow anyone to catch my beautiful fishes, even if they were foolish enough to bite on hooks? No, indeed! Every created thing is safe from harm in my domain."

"The Tin Woodman is very kind hearted," explained the Wizard to the visitors. "If a fly happens to light on his tin body he does n't rudely brush it off; he politely asks it to find some other resting place."

The Emperor's Tin Castle

"What does the fly do then?" inquired an American lady.

"Usually he begs his pardon and goes away," said the Wizard, gravely. "Flies like to be treated politely as well as other creatures, and here in Ozland they understand what we say to them and behave very nicely."

"Well," said the lady, "the flies in America, where I came from don't understand anything but a swat. You have to smash 'em to make 'em understand, and it's the same way with skeeters. Do you have skeeters in Oz?"

"We have some very large mosquitoes here, which sing as beautifully as song birds," replied the Tin Woodman. "But they never bite our people, because they are always fed and well taken care of. The reason they bite people in your country is because they are hungry—poor things!"

They now came to the grand tin entrance to the tin castle, and the Emperor, who was very proud of his home, personally showed them through the rooms. Every bit of furniture was made of brightly polished tin—the tables, chairs, beds and all. Even the floors and walls were of tin.

Afterward a fine banquet was served in the tin dining-hall, to which all the visitors were cordially invited. The Tin Man did not eat, but he provided liberally for those who had acquired the habit of eating. Everything was served on tin dishes, but these were of pretty shapes and brightly polished, so they were almost as good as silver.

A tin orchestra played sweet music while they ate. The players were not tin, being just ordinary Winkies; but the instruments they played upon were all tin—tin trumpets, tin fiddles, tin drums and flutes and horns and all.

Altogether it was a merry and delightful meal, and when the guests went away they were all enthusiastic in praise of the Tin Emperor and his tin castle.

TOMMY HARRIS' TRIP TO PARIS

Little Tommy Harris
Made a trip to Paris.
There he went within a tent,
Saw a convex firmament;
Then he peered within a booth,
Saw a shark without a tooth,
Heard a dumb man sing and chant,
Saw a crimson elephant.
Next he walked into a street,
Saw a lamp-post drink and eat,
Heard a turtle loudly roar,
Saw a rainbow through a door.
Then a man without a leg
Danced upon a horse's egg.
Then a steeple on a dome
Cried, "My boy, you'd best go home!"
But as Tommy homeward sped
He awoke—and was in bed!
Little Tommy Harris
Never went to Paris!

THE WEAVING OF THE MAGIC CLOAK

The fairies assembled one moonlit night in a pretty clearing of the ancient forests of Burzee. The clearing was in the form of a circle, and all around stood giant oak and fir trees, while in the center the grass grew green and soft as velvet. If any mortal had ever penetrated so far into the green forest, and could have looked upon the fairy circle by daylight, he might perhaps have seen a tiny path worn in the grass by the feet of the dancing elves. For here, during the full of the moon, the famous fairy band ruled by good Queen Lulea loved to dance and make merry while the silvery rays flooded the clearing and caused their gauzy wings to sparkle with every color of the rainbow.

On this especial night, however, they were not dancing. For the Queen had seated herself upon a little green mound, and while her band clustered about her she addressed the fairies in a tone of discontent.

"I am tired of dancing, my dear," said she. "Every evening since the moon grew big and round we have come here to frisk about and laugh and disport ourselves; and although these are good things to keep the heart light, one may grow weary even of merry making. So I ask you to suggest some new way to divert both me and yourselves during this night."

"We might create something, by virtue of our fairy powers," suggested one who reclined at the feet of the Queen.

"Ah, that is just the idea!" exclaimed the dainty Lulea, with brightening countenance. "Let us create something. But what?"

"I have heard," remarked another member of the band, "of a thinking-cap having been made by some fairies in Chigula.

The Weaving of the Magic Cloak

And whatever mortal wore this thinking-cap was able to conceive the most noble and beautiful thoughts."

"That was indeed a worthy creation," cried the little queen. "But what became of the cap?"

"The man who received it was so afraid some one else would get it, and be able to think the same exquisite thoughts as himself, that he hid it safely away—so safely that he himself never could think afterward where he had placed it."

"How unfortunate! We must not make another thinking-cap, lest it meet a like fate. Suggest something else."

"I have heard," said another, of certain fairies who created a pair of enchanted boots, which would always carry their mortal wearer away from danger—and never into danger."

"What a great boon to those blundering mortals!" cried the queen. "And what became of the boots?"

"They came at last into the possession of a great general, who did not know their powers. So he wore them into battle one day, and immediately ran away, followed by all his men, and the fight was won by the enemy."

"But did not the general escape danger?"

"Yes, at the expense of his reputation."

"The boots were worn by the wrong man, surely," said the queen; "and that is why they proved a curse, rather than a blessing. But we want no enchanted boots. Think of something else."

"Suppose we weave a magic cloak," proposed a little fairy who had not before spoken.

"A cloak?" Indeed, we might easily weave that," returned the queen. "What magic power must it possess?"

"Let every mortal who wears it have one wish granted," was the reply.

The Weaving of the Magic Cloak

“Good!” cried the queen. “This will indeed be a novel amusement. So now let us set to work.”

At these words the fairies sprang up eagerly; and their queen, smiling upon them, waved her wand toward the clearing. At once a beautiful fairy loom appeared in the space. It was not such a loom as mortals use. It consisted of a large and a small ring of gold, supported by a tall pole of jasper. The entire band danced around it thrice, the fairies carrying in each hand a silver shuttle wound with glossy filaments finer than the finest silk. And the threads on each shuttle appeared a different hue from those of all the other shuttles.

At a sign from the queen they one and all approached the golden loom and fastened an end of thread in its warp. Next moment they were gleefully dancing hither and thither, while the silvery shuttles flew swiftly from hand to hand and the gossamer-like web began to grow upon the loom.

Presently the queen herself took part in the sport, and the thread she wove into the fabric was the magical one which was destined to give the cloak its wondrous power.

Long and swiftly the fairy band worked beneath the old moon’s rays, while their feet tripped gracefully over the grass and their joyous laughter tinkled like silver bells and awoke the echoes of the grim forest surrounding them. And at last they paused and threw themselves upon the green with little sighs of content. For the shuttles and loom had vanished; the work was complete; and Queen Lulea stood upon the mound holding in her hand the magic cloak.

The garment was as beautiful as it was marvelous—each and every hue of the rainbow glinted and sparkled from the soft folds; and while it was light in weight as swansdown, its strength was so great that the fabric was well-nigh indestructible. The fairy

The Weaving of the Magic Cloak

band regarded it with great satisfaction, for every one had assisted in its manufacture and could admire with pardonable pride its glossy folds.

"It is very lovely, indeed!" cried one, "But to whom shall we present it?"

"Ah, that will be difficult to decide," said another.

"Let us leave it to the Man in the Moon," suggested the queen. "He has been watching us with a great deal of amusement, and once, I am sure, I caught him winking at us in quite a roguish way."

At this every head was turned toward the moon; and then a man's face, full-bearded and wrinkled, but with a jolly look upon its rough features, appeared sharply defined upon the moon's broad surface.

"So I'm to decide another dispute, eh?" he said in a clear voice. "Well, my dears, what is it this time?"

"We have just woven a magic cloak," replied Queen Lulea, "and we wish you to say what mortal shall wear it."

"Give it to the first unhappy person you meet," said the Man in the Moon. "The happy mortals have no need of magic cloaks." And with this advice the friendly face of the Man in the Moon faded away until only the outlines remained visible against the silver disk.

FATHER AND SON

"Why does the doggie bark, papa?"
Why does the doggie bark?"

"The reason why, if you must know,
Is that the little dog can't crow;
And so he *has* to bark."

"Why does the rooster crow, papa?"
Why does the rooster crow?"

"The reason why I'll tell to you:
Because the rooster cannot mew,
And so, he *has* to crow."

"Why does the kitten mew, papa—
Why does the kitten mew?"

"The reason why, I'm forced to say,
Is that the kitten cannot bray;
And so, she *has* to mew."

"Why does the donkey bray, papa—
Why does the donkey bray?"

"The reason for the donkey's bray
Is that the beast was born that way
And so, he *has* to bray."



MELTING A WICKED WITCH

Once a little girl had the misfortune to fall into the power of a wicked witch, who made the child do all the hard work about the house, and also abused her and mistreated her in many ways. The girl was very unhappy at being the slave of this cruel woman, and tried often to escape, but could never find a way to do so.

Now, Dorothy, as the little girl was named, always wore a pair of silver shoes upon her feet, and these shoes possessed many magical qualities. They might easily have assisted the child to escape the wicked witch had Dorothy known how to use their magic charms. But she was not even aware the shoes were magical, and thought them just ordinary shoes made of silver. But the witch knew all about the wonderful fairy powers of these shoes, and longed to possess them. Her own power of witchcraft had been gradually fading away, so that she could no more accomplish so many evil things as she used to; but she knew if she could only get hold of the silver shoes they would give her more power than all the things she had lost.

Melting a Wicked Witch

She watched Dorothy carefully to see if she ever took off her shoes, thinking that she might steal them. But the child was so proud of her pretty shoes that she never took them off except at night and when she took her bath. The witch was too afraid of the dark to dare to go in Dorothy's room at night to take the shoes, and her dread of water was greater than her fear of the dark, so she never came near when Dorothy was bathing. Indeed, the old



witch never touched water, nor even let water touch her, in any way whatever.

The wicked creature was very cunning, and she finally thought of a trick that would give her what she wanted. She placed a bar of iron in the middle of the kitchen floor, and then by her magic arts made the bar invisible to human eyes. So that when Dorothy walked across the floor she stumbled over the iron bar, not being

Melting a Wicked Witch

able to see it, and fell at full length. She was not much hurt, but in her fall one of her silver shoes came off, and before she could reach it the witch had snatched it away and put it on her own skinny foot.

The wicked woman was greatly pleased with the success of her trick, although she knew she could not use the magic power of the shoes until she wore them both. She had always feared the child would discover how powerful the shoes were, and so be able to conquer the witch. Now, however, Dorothy could do nothing against the woman, even had she known the magical qualities the shoes possessed.

The little girl, seeing one of her pretty shoes was gone, grew angry, and said to the witch: "Give me back my shoe!"

"Your shoe, indeed!" retorted the witch. "It is now *my* shoe and I will not give it back."

"You are a wicked creature," cried Dorothy. "You have no right to take my shoe from me."

"I shall keep it just the same," said the witch, laughing at her, "and some day I'll manage to get the other one, too."

This threat made Dorothy so provoked that she picked up the bucket of water that stood near and dashed it over the witch, wetting her from head to foot.

Instantly the wicked woman gave a loud cry of fear; and then, as Dorothy looked at her in wonder, the witch began to shrink and fall away.

"See what you have done!" she screamed. "In a minute I shall melt away!"

"I'm very sorry, indeed," said Dorothy, who was truly frightened to see the witch actually melting away before her very eyes.

"Didn't you know water would be the end of me?" asked the witch, in a wailing, despairing voice.

Melting a Wicked Witch

"Of course not," answered Dorothy. "How should I?"

"Well, in a few minutes I shall be all melted, and you will have my house to yourself," moaned the witch. "I have been terribly wicked in my day, but I never thought a little girl like you would ever be able to melt me and put an end to my wicked deeds.—Look out—here I go!"

With these words the witch fell down in a brown, melted, shapeless mass and began to spread over the clean boards of the kitchen floor. Seeing that she had really melted away to nothing, Dorothy drew another bucket of water and threw it over the mess. Then she swept it all out the back door.

After picking up her silver shoe, which was all that was left of the old woman, the girl cleaned and dried it with a cloth and put it on her foot again. Then, being at last free, she bade good-bye to the house where she had been so unhappy and ran away to find her friends again.

A BIRD DOG

In the cage was the canary
Trilling forth in accents merry,
Full of life and also very
 Graciously contented.
On the floor the little Pug
Watching, lay upon a rug
And, to judge from wrinkled mug,
 Birdie's glee resented.

Soon he sprang upon a table—
You'd scarce think the dog was able—
And straightway ensued a babel
 Wild and terrified!
Mary, hearing sound of fray,
Entered quick in dire dismay,
But, alas! the feathers lay
 Scattered far and wide.

Mary was beside herself
But the Pug was not; the elf
Had the bird *inside* himself
 And was satisfied.
Mary wept and Mary wailed,
The assassin never quailed;
He'd have wept if he had failed,
 Now he smiled in pride.

THE WOGGLEBUG'S STORY

It is but honest that I should acknowledge in the beginning of my recital that I was born an ordinary Wogglebug. Knowing no better, I used my arms as well as my legs for walking, and crawled under the edges of stones or hid among the roots of grasses with no thought beyond finding a few insects smaller than myself to feed



upon. The chill nights rendered me stiff and motionless, for I wore no clothing; but each morning the warm rays of the sun gave me new life and restored me to activity. A horrible existence is this, but you must remember it is the regularly ordained existence of wogglebugs, as well as many other tiny creatures that inhabit the earth.

The Wogglebug's Story

But Destiny has singled me out, humble though I was, for a grander fate. One day I crawled near to a country school-house, and my curiosity being excited by the monotonous hum of the students within, I made bold to enter and creep along the crack between two boards until I reached the far end of the room, where, in front of a hearth of glowing embers, the master sat at his desk. No one noticed so small a creature as a wogglebug, and when I found that the hearth was even warmer and more comfortable than the sunshine, I resolved to establish my future home beside it. So I found a charming nest between two bricks and hid myself therein for many, many months.

The Professor who directs the school is, doubtless, the most famous scholar in all the Land of Oz, and after a few days I began to listen to the lectures and discourses he gave his pupils. Not one of them, I venture to say, was so attentive as the humble, unnoticed wogglebug, and in course of time I acquired in this way a fund of knowledge that I will myself confess is simply marvelous. Since then I always place "T. E."—which means "Thoroughly Educated"—after my name upon my business cards; for my greatest pride lies in the fact that the world cannot produce another wogglebug with a tenth part of my own culture and erudition.

I must have lived nearly three years in that secluded school-house hearth, drinking thirstily of the ever-flowing font of limpid knowledge—a poetical expression the Professor was fond of repeating. But one day a marvelous circumstance occurred that altered my very existence, and brought me to my present pinnacle of greatness.

The Professor discovered me in the act of crawling across the hearth, and before I could escape he had caught me between his thumb and forefinger.

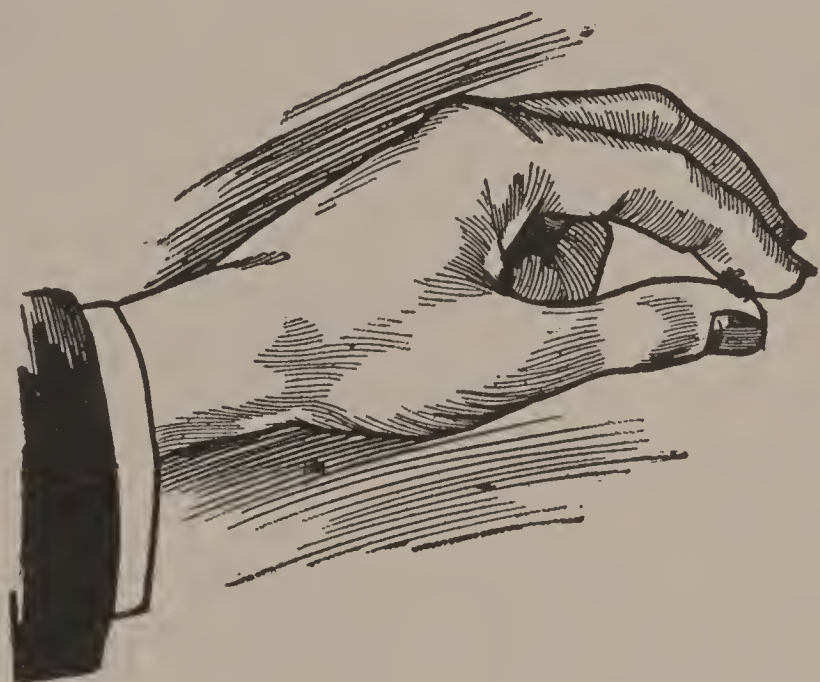
The Wogglebug's Story

"My dear children," said he, "I have captured a Wogglebug—a very rare and interesting specimen. Do any of you know what a Wogglebug is?"

"No!" yelled the scholars in a chorus.

"Then," said the Professor, "I will get out my famous magnifying glass and throw the insect upon a screen in a highly-magnified condition, that you may all study carefully its peculiar construction and become acquainted with its habits and manner of life."

He then brought from a cupboard a most curious instrument,



and before I could realize what had happened I found myself thrown upon a screen in a highly magnified state. The students stood up on their stools and craned their heads forward to get a better view of me, and two little girls jumped upon the sill of an open window where they could see more plainly.

"Behold!" cried the Professor, in a loud voice, "this highly magnified Wogglebug; one of the most curious insects in existence!"

Being Thoroughly Educated, and knowing what is required of a cultured gentleman, at this juncture I stood upright, and,

The Wogglebug's Story

placing my hand upon my bosom, made a very polite bow. My action, being unexpected, must have startled them, for one of the little girls perched upon the window-sill gave a scream and fell backward out of the window, drawing her companion with her as she disappeared. The Professor uttered a cry of horror and rushed away through the door to see if the poor children were injured by the fall. The scholars followed after him in a wild mob, and I was left alone in the school-room, still in a highly magnified state and free to do as I pleased.

It immediately occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to escape. I was proud of my great size, and realized that now I could safely travel anywhere in the wide world, while my superior culture would make me a fit associate for the most learned person I might chance to meet. So, while the Professor picked the little girls off the ground—to find they were more frightened than hurt—and the pupils were grouped around him, I calmly walked out of the school-house, turned a corner, and escaped unnoticed.

I have never ceased to congratulate myself that I had the foresight to get away from that school while I was highly magnified; for even my excessive knowledge would have proved of little use to me had I remained a tiny, insignificant bug. So now I engrave upon my visiting cards: “Mr. H. M. Wogglebug, T. E. The “H. M.” of course stands for Highly Magnified, and the “T. E.,” as I have already explained, for Thoroughly Educated. And I say with truth that I am received into the best society of the Land of Oz, for to be great and learned is a passport anywhere, no matter if one is born an insignificant wogglebug.

THE BIG BLACK BEAR

Now, once there came to our town a big black bear;
You couldn't find his equal if you hunted everywhere.
His eyes were very big and fierce, and shaggy was his hair,
While his teeth shone white and sharp between his jaws.

He stood upon his rear legs, and people all did stare;
To keep a proper distance they took the greatest care,
For you had but to see him to make you well beware
Of getting near those dreadful, pointed claws.

He stood upon the sidewalk, did this big black bear,
It seemed McFarlan's clothing store was chosen for his lair:
And at the people passing by he wickedly did glare—
A fact which all the children did deplore.

But never once he left his post, in weather foul or fair,
And though this might surprise you, it won't when I declare
This awful brute was stuffed, and McFarlan put him there
To serve as sign before his clothing store.



THE WATCH-DOG OF MERRYLAND

The boat had carried Dot and Tot into a small, rocky valley, where it landed upon a beach. Looking around, the children discovered a strange creature coming across the rocks, and watched it draw nearer and nearer until it finally sat down upon a big stone only a few feet away.

And now they saw that it was an old man with whiskers so long that they reached down to the soles of his feet, and probably would have grown still longer had not the rough stones of the valley worn away the ends of the hair. Not a bit of his body could be seen; the flowing, white hair covered him everywhere like a gown, except upon the top of his head, which was smooth and bald. So thick, indeed, was the covering that when he stretched out his arms the old man could only push his hands and wrists through the masses of hair.

The curious appearance of this strange person surprised the children, and they remained for some time staring at him without trying to say a word. The hairy man looked at them, in return, and was the first to speak, saying in a mild, sad voice:

"Strangers, whom may you be?"

"I'm Dot; and this is my friend Tot," answered the girl.

"Oh," replied the man; "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. I'm called the Watch-Dog of Merryland."

"What a queer name," exclaimed Dot. "Why do they call you that?"

"Because I'm placed here to keep everyone from passing through the archway yonder into the fair and happy Valleys of Merryland."

The Watch-Dog of Merryland

"How can you keep them from passing through?" asked the girl.

"Why, tell them they musn't, of course," said he.

"Suppose they won't mind you; what will you do then?" she inquired.

The old man looked puzzled, and shook his head slowly.

"I'm sure I don't know what I could do in that case," he answered. "You see, no one has ever before come here since I was commanded to guard the entrance to Merryland."

"How long have you been here?" questioned Dot.

"About three hundred years, I think," answered the old man, thoughtfully.

"Don't you ever die?" asked Tot, wondering at this great age.

"I haven't died yet," declared the Watch-Dog.

"But you will, won't you," persisted the boy.

"Why, I suppose so, if the Queen lets me," was the reply.

"Who is the Queen?" inquired Dot.

"She who rules Merryland," said the man.

Then, for a few moments, there was a silence, while Dot and Tot stared at the hairy old man and he stared at them. Presently Dot broke the stillness by asking:

"What do you do in this lonesome place, where you have no one to talk to?"

"Why, most of the time I watch, as it is my duty to do. And when I get lonely I count my whiskers."

"Oh!" said Dot. Then she inquired, curiously: "How many whiskers have you?"

"Well," answered the Watch-Dog of Merryland, confidentially, "there are either eighty-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-six, or else eighty-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-eight. Sometimes I make it one figure and sometimes the other: so I really

The Watch-Dog of Merryland

can't tell which is right. I was engaged in counting my whiskers when I looked up and saw your boat. I had then counted sixty-nine thousand three hundred and fifty-four; but I was so surprised to see you that I missed the count, and now I shall have to begin all over again."

"I'm sorry," said Dot sympathetically; "I'd like to know just which is the right number."

"If you will wait, I'll count them," he replied, eagerly. "Perhaps you can tell if I make a mistake."

"How long will it take?" she asked.

"I can do it in about four months."

"Oh, we could not possibly wait so long," declared the girl. "I really think we should be going now."

"Where will you go?" he asked.

"Through that archway into Merryland, as you call it. It's the only way we *can* go, for we're not strong enough to pull the boat up-stream."

"It will be a terrible disgrace to me," said the Watch-Dog of Merryland, in a solemn voice, "if you escape me. What will the Queen say, when she knows I have watched here three hundred years without seeing anyone, and then allowed the first strangers who came along to pass through the archway?"

"I do not see that she can blame you," returned Dot. "You say yourself that you can't stop us if we don't mind you; so the Queen can only blame us for not minding you."

"True; and children seldom mind," said the old man, more cheerfully.

Well, good-bye," said Dot.

"Good-bye," repeated the Watch-Dog.

Then Tot pushed the boat away from the shore and it began gliding slowly down the river toward the archway. Dot and

The Watch-Dog of Merryland

Tot sat on the seat and watched the friendly old man, and he seemed sorry to lose their companionship.

After all, three hundred years is a long time to wait and watch in a valley of barren rocks, without seeing a single human being. Dot wondered what would have happened to him if he had not had his whiskers to count.



QUITE NATURAL

A Bumble-Bee was buzzing
On a yellow hollyhock
When came along a turtle
Who at the bee did mock,
“Oh, prithee, Mr. Bumble,
Why make that horrid noise?
It’s really distracting
And scares the girls and boys.”

“I’m sorry,” said, quite humble,
The buzzing, droning bee;
“The noise is just my bumble,
And natural, you see.
And if I did n’t buzz so
I’m sure you will agree
I’d only be a big fly—
And not a Bumble-Bee.”



THE MANTLE OF IMMORTALITY

Santa Claus, who devoted his life to making children happy, was the best beloved mortal the world has ever known; still, he was a mortal, and after many years became old and gray. He grew weak with the weight of years, until finally his faithful friends the reindeer whispered together that they had probably drawn his sledge for the last time.

Then all the Forest of Burzee became sad and all the Laughing Valley was hushed, for every living thing that had known old Claus had learned to love him and to brighten at the sound of his footsteps or the notes of his merry whistle.

No doubt the old man's strength was at last exhausted, for he made no more toys, but lay on his bed as in a dream.

So the fairies of Burzee went to the great Ak, the Master Woodsman of the World, and begged him to save the children's loyal friend from the fate that threatened him. And the Master Woodsman thought earnestly upon the matter, for he too loved Santa Claus. Many minutes he leaned upon his ax and stroked his grizzled beard. Then suddenly he stood straight and poised his powerful head with firm resolve, stretching out his great right arm as if determined on some mighty deed. For a thought had come to him so grand in conception that all the world might well bow before the Master Woodsman and honor his name forever!

Now he summoned his fleetest messengers and sent them in a flash to many parts of the earth. So at midnight there was a wondrous scene in the ancient Forest of Burzee, where, for the first time in many centuries, the rulers of all the immortals who inhabit the world were gathered together.

There was the Queen of the Water Sprites, whose beautiful

The Mantle of Immortality

form was as clear as crystal, but continually dripped water on the bank of moss where she sat. And beside her was the King of the Sleep Fays, who carried a wand from the end of which a fine dust fell all around, so that no mortal could keep awake long enough to see him, as mortal eyes were sure to close in sleep as soon as the dust filled them. And next to him sat the Gnome King, whose people inhabit all that region under the earth's surface, where they guard the precious metals and the jewel stones that lie buried in rock and ore. At his right hand stood the King of the Sound Imps, who had wings on his feet, for his people are swift to carry all sounds that are made. When they are busy they often carry the sounds but short distances, there being so many of them; but sometimes they speed with the sounds to places miles and miles away from where they are made. The King of the Sound Imps had an anxious and care-worn face, for mortals have little consideration for him and his imps. Boys and girls, especially, make a great many unnecessary sounds which the imps are obliged to carry when they might be better employed.

The next in the circle of Immortals was the King of the Wind Demons, slender of frame, restless and uneasy at being confined to one place for even an hour. Once in a while he would leave his place and circle around the glade, and each time he did this the Fairy Queen was obliged to untangle the flowing locks of her golden hair and tuck them back of her pink ears. But she did not complain, for it was not often the King of the Wind Demons came into the heart of the forest.

After the Fairy Queen, whose home was in old Burzee, came the King of the Light Elves, with his two Princes, Flash and Twilight, at his back. He never went anywhere without these Princes, for they were so mischievous he dared not let them wander alone. Prince Flash bore a lightning bolt in his right hand and a horn of

The Mantle of Immortality

gunpowder in his left. His bright eyes roved constantly around, as if he longed to use his blinding flashes. Prince Twilight held a great snuffer in one hand and a big black cloak in the other. It is well known that unless Twilight is carefully watched the snuffers or the cloak will throw everything into darkness, and Darkness is the greatest enemy the King of the Light Elves has.

In addition to the immortals I have named were the King of Knooks, who had come from his home in the jungles of India, and the King of the Ryls, who lived among the gay flowers and luscious fruits of Sicilia. Sweet Queen Zurline of the Wood Nymphs completed the circle of immortals.

But in the center of the circle sat three others who possessed powers so great that all the Kings and Queens showed them reverence. These were Ak, the Master Woodsman of the World, who rules the forests and the orchards and the groves; and Kern, the Master Husbandman of the World, who rules the grain fields and the meadows and the gardens; and Bo, the Master Mariner of the World, who rules the seas and all the craft that float thereon. And all other immortals are more or less subject to these three.

When all had assembled the Master Woodsman of the World stood up to address them, since he himself had summoned them to council. Very clearly he told them the story of the man called Santa Claus, dwelling upon his noble and generous nature and relating his lifelong labors to make children happy.

"And now," said Ak, "when he has won the love of all the world, the Spirit of Death is hovering over him. Of all men who have inhabited the earth during the ages, none other so well deserves immortality, for such a life cannot be spared so long as there are children of mankind to miss him and to grieve over his loss. We immortals are the servants of the world, and to serve the world were we permitted in the Beginning to exist. But what one

The Mantle of Immortality

of us is more worthy immortality than this man Claus, who so sweetly ministers to little children?"

He paused and glanced around the circle, to find every immortal listening to him eagerly and nodding approval. Finally the King of the Wind Demons, who had been whistling softly to himself, cried out:

"What is your desire, O Ak?"

"To bestow upon Santa Claus the Mantle of Immortality!" said Ak boldly.

That this demand was wholly unexpected was proved by the immortals springing to their feet, while they looked upon one another in dismay, and then turned to regard Ak with wonder. For it was a grave matter, this parting with the Mantle of Immortality.

The Queen of the Water Sprites spoke in her low, clear voice, and the words sounded like raindrops splashing upon a window-pane:

"In all the world there is but one Mantle of Immortality," she said.

The King of the Sound Fays added: "It has existed since the Beginning, and no mortal has ever dared to claim it."

And the Master Mariner of the World arose and stretched his limbs, saying: "Only by the vote of every immortal can it be bestowed upon a mortal."

"I know all this," answered Ak, quietly. "But the Mantle exists, and if it was, as you say, created in the Beginning, surely the Supreme Master knew that some day it would be required. Until now no mortal has deserved it, but who among us dares deny that the good Claus deserves it? Will you not all vote to bestow it upon him?"

They were silent, still looking upon one another questioningly.

The Mantle of Immortality

"Of what use is the Mantle of Immortality, unless it is worn?" demanded Ak. "What will it profit any one of us to allow it to remain in its lonely shrine for all time to come?"

"Enough!" cried the Gnome King, abruptly. "We will vote on the matter, yes or no. For my part, I say yes!"

"And I!" said the Fairy Queen, promptly, and Ak rewarded her with a smile.

"My people in Burzee tell me they have learned to love him; therefore I vote to give Claus the Mantle," said the King of the Ryls.

"He is already a comrade of the Knooks," announced the ancient King of that band. "Let him have immortality!"

"Let him have it—let him have it," sighed the King of the Wind Demons.

"Why not?" asked the ruler of the Sleep Fays. "He never disturbs the slumbers my people allow humanity. Let the good Claus be immortal."

"I do not object," said the King of the Sound Imps.

"Nor I," murmured the Queen of the Water Sprites.

"If Claus does not receive the Mantle it is clear none other can ever claim it," remarked the King of the Light Elves; "so let us have done with the thing for all time."

"Claus and the Wood Nymphs are old friends," said Queen Zurline. "Of course I shall vote to make him immortal."

Ak now turned to the Master Husbandman of the World, who held up his right arm and said "Yes!" And the Master Mariner of the World did likewise, after which Ak, with sparkling eyes and smiling face, cried out:

"I thank you, fellow immortals! For all have voted 'yes,' and upon our dear Claus shall fall the one Mantle of Immortality that it is our power to bestow."

The Mantle of Immortality

"Let us fetch it at once," said the Fay King; "I'm in a hurry."

They bowed assent, and instantly the forest glade was deserted. But in a place midway between the earth and the sky was suspended a gleaming temple made of gold and platinum, aglow with soft lights shed from the facets of countless gems. Within a high dome hung the precious Mantle of Immortality, and each immortal placed a hand on the hem of the splendid Robe and said, with one voice:

"We bestow this Mantle upon Claus, who is called the Patron Saint of Children!"

At this the Mantle came away from its lofty dome and they carried it to the house in the Laughing Valley.

The Spirit of Death was crouching very near to the bedside of Claus, and as the immortals approached she sprang up and motioned them back with an angry gesture. But when her eyes fell upon the Mantle they bore she shrank away with a low moan of disappointment and quitted that house forever.

Softly and silently the immortal band dropped upon Claus the precious mantle, and it closed about him and sank into the outlines of his body and disappeared from view. It became a part of his being, and neither mortal nor immortal might ever take it from him.

Then the Kings and Queens who had wrought this great deed dispersed to their various homes, and all were content that they had added another immortal to their band.

And Claus slept on, the red blood of everlasting life coursing swiftly through his veins. He would awaken in the full vigor of youth, yet carrying through the centuries to come his snow-white beard and wrinkled brow. And while the world rolls around there will be a Santa Claus to minister to little children.

MR. GREEN

Have you seen Mr. Green?
He is neither fat nor lean;
Laughs and cries,
Smiles and sighs,
Eats and drinks,
Reads and thinks,
Coughs and sneezes
When he pleases,
Walks and ambles,
Skips and gambols,
Slumbers deep
When asleep,
Wears his clothes
Where 'ere he goes,
Always found where he is seen—
Funny man is Mr. Green!

PRINCE MARVEL

A Play for Children

In Two Acts

List of Characters:

PRINCESS MARVEL, a Fairy in disgrace; afterward Prince Marvel.

BESSIE BODKIN, } Just Girls, who meet with a strange adventure.
RUTH RUTLEDGE, }

QUEEN LULEA, the Ruler of the Fairy Kingdom.

JACK TURPIN, a Highwayman.

Scene: *A Glade in the Forest of Burzee.*

(Hints for costumes and scenery will be found among the notes at the end of the playlet.)

ACT ONE:

(The curtain being drawn discloses Princess Marvel, a fairy, seated upon a stump near center of stage.—Her head is bowed and she is sobbing as if in distress.—Advancing toward her, rather timidly, come Bessie and Ruth.—The fairy does not notice them and they stand before her, gazing upon her wonderingly.)

BESSIE:

Do not weep, my pretty fay;

What has grieved you? tell us, pray!

(Marvel does not answer nor look up.)

Prince Marvel

RUTH:

I suppose some fairy frolic
May have given her a colic.

*(Marvel looks up indignantly; then drops
face in handkerchief.)*

BESSIE:

Wand'ring in the woods today,
Where we often come to play,
Here we find, to our surprise,
A *really* Fairy, from whose eyes
Diamond tears are dropping, so
All your sorrow we would know.
We are mortals, yet you'll find
Even mortal hearts are kind;
Tell us, then, sweet Fairy: say
What has caused you woe today?

MARVEL:

(Looking up:) I'm disgraced! The Fairy Queen
Thinks that I have saucy been
To her royal Majesty—
So she seeks to punish me,
And I'm exiled, by command,
From our lovely Fairyland!
I'm condemned—oh, boo, hoo, hoo! *(sobbing)*
I'm condemned—it's really true!—
To remain upon this earth
'Til I've done a deed of worth.

RUTH:

Then look up and try to smile;
Deeds of worth are well worth while.

Prince Marvel

MARVEL:

But alas! my fairy power
Is restricted to this bower.
Mortals seldom wander here,
So no worthy deed, I fear,
I'll accomplish while I stay
In this woodland day by day.
I'm so miserable—boo, hoo! (*sobbing again*)
How I wish that I were you!

BESSIE:

Why, if you could change with me,
Then a fairy *I* would be
And *you'd* then become a maid
Very helpless, I'm afraid.

MARVEL:

Deeds of worth may mortals do
Just as well as fairies.

RUTH:

True;

But you ought to be a *boy*
Deeds of valor to enjoy.
Girls are timid, girls are weak—
Only forceful when they speak—
Boys are strong and love to fight,
Doing deeds both wrong and right.

MARVEL:

Then, if I could be a boy,
All my powers I'd employ
Doing deeds so fine and grand

Prince Marvel

Soon I'd win to Fairyland
All forgiven by the Queen
For my naughty acts, I ween!

BESSIE:

But a boy you cannot be.
You're a fairy *girl*, you see.

MARVEL:

Ah, but you can change all that
By your powers—quick as scat—
For, as fairy transformation
Changes mortal form and station,
So may mortals, by decree,
Change a fairy's own degree.

RUTH:

What! our mortal power, you say,
Transforms *fairies* as we may?

MARVEL:

That is true; and so, my dear,
Fairies seldom dare appear
To your vision, lest a word
Change them to a beast or bird.
So, beneath the moon's pale light
We are dancing every night,
But lie hidden all the day
Lest on mortal folk we stray.

RUTH:

Well, I've often wondered why
Fairies were so dreadful shy;
But of us pray have no fear,
We'll not change your form, my dear.

Prince Marvel

MARVEL:

But I want you to! 'Tis true
I some valiant deed must do
E'er I get to Fairyland.
So I wish you to command
I a boy shall be until
This adventure I fulfill.

BESSIE:

Tell us, then, what we must do
And we'll try to favor you.

MARVEL:

Seize a stick, and as a wand
Wave it thrice, and then command:
"As a mortal, I decree
Marvel now a boy shall be."
That is all, for you will see
Me transformed immediately.

BESSIE:

(*Hesitating:*) Ruth, *you* take the magic wand;
Here's a stick quite close at hand.

RUTH:

No, indeed! I'd shake with fright.
You can do it, Bess, all right.

MARVEL:

Mortal girls are shy, I see.
Do not fear; it won't hurt *me*;
Neither will it bother you
Such a simple thing to do.

Prince Marvel

BESSIE:

(Picking up a stick:)

Well, to please you I desire;
So to magic I'll aspire. *(Waves stick thrice.)*
Little fairy, I decree
You a boy shall henceforth be
Till some noble deed you do
That will prove you good and true.
Only then—the fact is plain—
Will you be a girl again!

(Marvel rises.—The fairy robe drops from her shoulder, showing her now dressed as a Fairy Prince.)

RUTH:

(Dancing delightedly:)

'Tis done! Good gracious, Bess; just see!
A lovely Fairy Prince is he!

MARVEL:

(Bowling low before them:)

I thank you, kindly maid; one more
Request I fear I must implore.
I need a sword—a stalwart blade—
Will you procure it, gentle maid?

BESSIE:

(Doubtfully:)

I'd like to; but I know not how.

MARVEL:

Just touch your wand upon that bough.

*(He points to a small limb on the trunk of a
near by tree.)*

Prince Marvel

RUTH:

(Going to the bough and placing her hand upon it:)

Don't be afraid, Bess; wave the wand.

The sword will then be in my hand.

(Bess waves the stick.—At the same time Ruth bends back the bough and quickly grasps a sword that has stood concealed behind the tree, making it appear that the bough has changed into a sword in her hand.)

RUTH:

And here it is! So take it, Prince,

And may it make your foemen wince.

MARVEL:

(Taking the sword from her, and again bowing:)

I thank you, gentle maids. And now

Some noble deed I'll do, I vow

To win in Fairyland my place

And wipe away my dire disgrace!

(The Prince waves his sword and makes his exit into the forest.)

BESSIE:

Well, Ruth, this strange adventure o'er,

We're simple mortals, as before.

So let us both go home again

And hope our magic be not vain.

RUTH:

Yes! I'm as hungry as a bear;

So let us to our castle fare.

BESSIE:

And after dinner we'll return

News of our Fairy Prince to learn.

(They turn to go.)

Prince Marvel

RUTH:

I never knew before, dear Bess,
That you could be a Sorceress.

BESSIE:

Yet *I*'m not so bewitching, Ruth,
As *you* are—that's the solemn truth!

(They lock arms and walk away.)

(CURTAIN)

ACT TWO

(When the curtain is drawn the same scene is discovered as that in Act I. When curtain is well up, Prince Marvel enters slowly and with a dejected air.)

MARVEL:

How cold and dismal Earth appears!

It hath no single charm that cheers

A fairy heart, when day's dull gleam

Replaces moonlight's dainty beam.

And I, a wanderer, have tried

To find adventure far and wide

Throughout the wood, yet much I fear

No deed of valor 'waits me here.

The forest is deserted quite;

There's not a single foe in sight;

Yet here am I, condemned to halt

'Til I've redeemed my grievous fault.

(He paces up and down as if discouraged.)

What tho' my sword gleams fair and bright?

What tho' I long some wrong to right?

Unless a chance occurs, 'tis clear

I may forever wander here!

(He now strolls into the forest again, and passes from view.)

(Enter Jack Turpin, a desperate highwayman.)

TURPIN:

Aha—! Oho! a chance to steal

Will soon be mine, I truly feel!

Prince Marvel

For coming toward this wood I spied
Two maidens, walking side by side.
When they're alone beneath these trees
I'll pounce upon the girls and seize
Their purses, jewels, brooches, rings,
And all their other pretty things.

(Looks stealthily around.)

There's no one near to stop my game;
So let them scream—it's all the same
To bold Jack Turpin! I can rob
Two helpless girls, and like the job!

(He pauses and again looks around him.)

So now I'll hide behind this stump
Until the girls are here, then jump
And rob them while they're wild with fright—
Then quickly I will take to flight.

(Jack Turpin now hides himself behind the stump.)

(Enter Bessie and Ruth, walking slowly and not suspecting the presence of the highwayman.)

RUTH:

It must be here the Prince we found;
And yet I do not see him 'round.

BESSIE:

Perhaps he's wand'ring in the wood
In bold and knightly attitude
To do some noble deed he's fain
That will his Queen's forgiveness gain;
And so he rambles here and there
To seek a chance to do and dare.

Prince Marvel

RUTH:

Then let us here a while remain
And see if he returns again.
I'm very anxious, Bess, to know
If he has found a worthy foe.

(Here the highwayman springs from behind the stump and seizes both the girls, a wrist of each in either hand. They struggle, but he drags them to center of the stage.)

DICK TURPIN:

Stand and deliver, ladies fair!
I'm bold Jack Turpin; I declare
You are my prisoners, and so
I'll take your jewels e'er you go!

RUTH:

Help! Help! Oh, gracious goodness me!

BESSIE:

Help, someone! Come and set us free!

TURPIN:

Yell if you want to; yell, my dear;
There's no one near to interfere.
(Prince Marvel rushes in, waving his sword.)

MARVEL:

Hold, wicked man! Unhand these maids!
Such villainy your race degrades,
And if you'd save your worthless life
Defend it in a manly strife!

(Marvel advances upon Turpin, who releases the girls and draws his own sword. Bessie and Ruth shrink back, their arms clasped about each other.)

Prince Marvel

TURPIN:

Aha—! Oho—! I'd have you know
That bold Jack Turpin is your foe!
I've slain full many a man before,
And now I'll shed your princely gore.

(They fight, clashing their swords together. Prince Marvel finally stabs the robber, who falls flat and appears to be dead.)

MARVEL:

(Placing a foot upon Turpin and looking down upon him.)

So, robber! now your race is run,
And all your wicked deeds are done.

(The girls run forward, delighted.)

BESSIE:

Oh, thank you, Prince, for saving us!
How fortunate it was that thus
You chanced our way!

MARVEL:

Nay, say not so;
The fortune's surely mine, you know.
(He bows to them.)

RUTH:

Still, though we owe a half to luck
The other half we owe to pluck.
The way you killed him was delightful—
The man was really very frightful!

(Enter the Fairy Queen, Lulea.—She slowly approaches the group, gliding in a graceful manner.—The two girls kneel before her and Prince Marvel kneels likewise.)

Prince Marvel

QUEEN:

Good Marvel, for this noble deed
From further punishment you're freed.
You've won forgiveness, for your arm
Has saved these fair young maids from harm.
Return with me to Fairyland
And join again my happy band.

(The Queen extends her hand.—Marvel kisses it, then rises and stands beside Lulea.—The girls now rise and stand in attitudes of awe and respect.)

MARVEL (*To Bessie and Ruth*):

First, gentle friends, will you restore
To me my girlish form once more?
I'm now a boy, and yet I fain
Would be a fairy girl again.

RUTH:

(Eagerly:)

And so you shall be! Prithee, Bess,
Fetch here the Prince's fairy dress.

(Bessie runs to a tree, from behind which she takes the fairy robe and runs to rejoin Ruth.—Together they hold the gown suspended over the head of Marvel while they say, in unison:)

BESSIE AND RUTH:

We, by our mortal powers, declare
This Prince shall be a Princess fair;
For unto her we now restore
The very form she had before!

(They drop the gown, which covers Marvel.)

Prince Marvel

QUEEN:

We thank you, maidens, and decree
Your lives shall long and happy be.
For those who help the helpless learn
They also will be helped in turn.
A gracious act is sure to find
A sweet reward with it entwined!

(The girls again sink upon their knees, while the Queen extends her arms over their heads.—All remain motionless, forming a picture, as the curtain slowly closes in.)

(THE END)

NOTES.

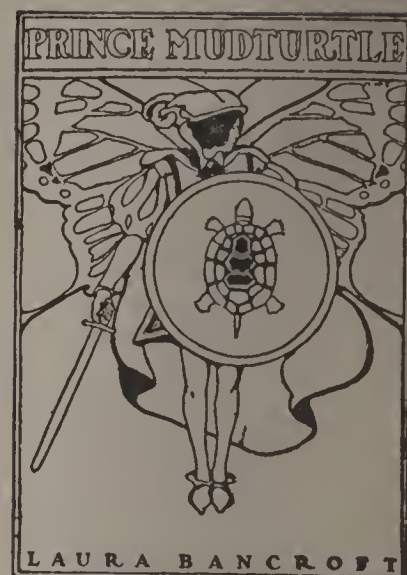
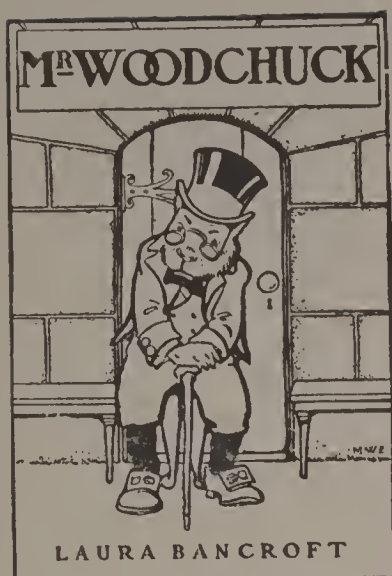
The costumes for this playlet may be prepared at home. Those of the fairy queen and Marvel are the most elaborate, but simple white gowns draped with a lace curtain falling from the shoulders, will do. The Queen should have a golden crown. Marvel's outer robe should be loose, so that it will easily drop from her shoulders during the transformation, and may be slipped over her head at the conclusion. Any ordinary gowns will do for Bessie and Ruth, and they may wear broad straw hats. Jack Turpin, a boy's part, may be dressed in outing costume, or corduroy, with broad felt hat, a flannel shirt and a belt. His sword, as well as Prince Marvel's sword, may be of tin and can be purchased at any toy shop. The under dress of Marvel should consist of a velvet jacket and knickerbockers, white frilled waist, stockings, and slippers with buckles.

The playlet may be acted in any grove, if desired, in which case the characters should bow and retire at the end of Act Two.—If played in the house, a woodland scene may be provided by covering a rear wall with plain white print paper and painting the trees upon it with brown and green diamond dyes, diluted with water. This makes a cheap and effective paint for the purpose. The effect may be improved by purchasing a roll of green wall paper, cutting out trees that will reach from floor to ceiling, and suspending them irregularly to resemble a grove of trees. The lower parts of the trunks should be touched up with brown. In this case it will not be necessary to cover the rear wall. The curtain may be constructed of two sheets, arranged to slide upon strings. The stump may be a low stool covered with green wall-

Prince Marvel

paper and touched up with brown. A few dead branches and sticks, scattered around, will add to the scene.

In acting the parts the children should strive to be natural and unaffected, reciting the lines as though they were speaking to one another. The secret of good acting is to forget you are acting. Try to imagine you are actually living in this enchanted grove, and speak and move as you would if the adventures were really happening to you.



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